

DECEMBER 15, 1883

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 733.—VOL. XXVIII.

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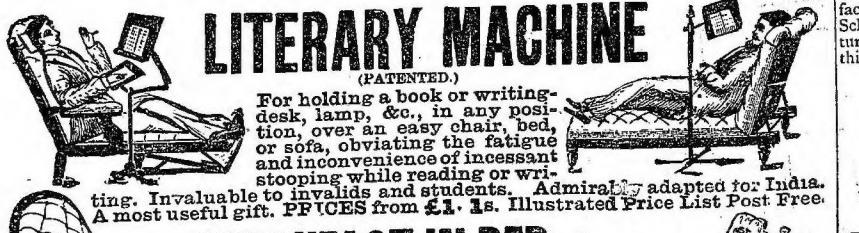
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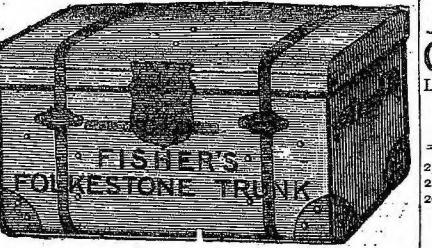
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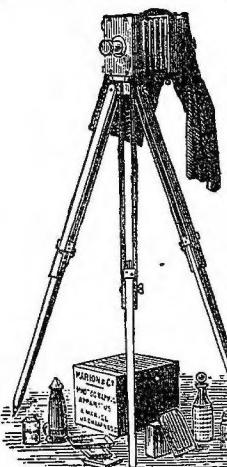
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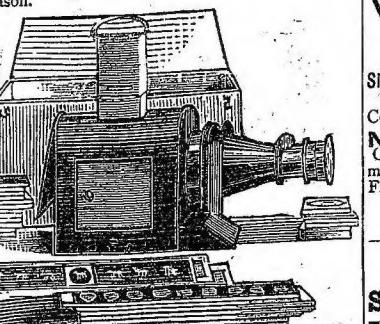
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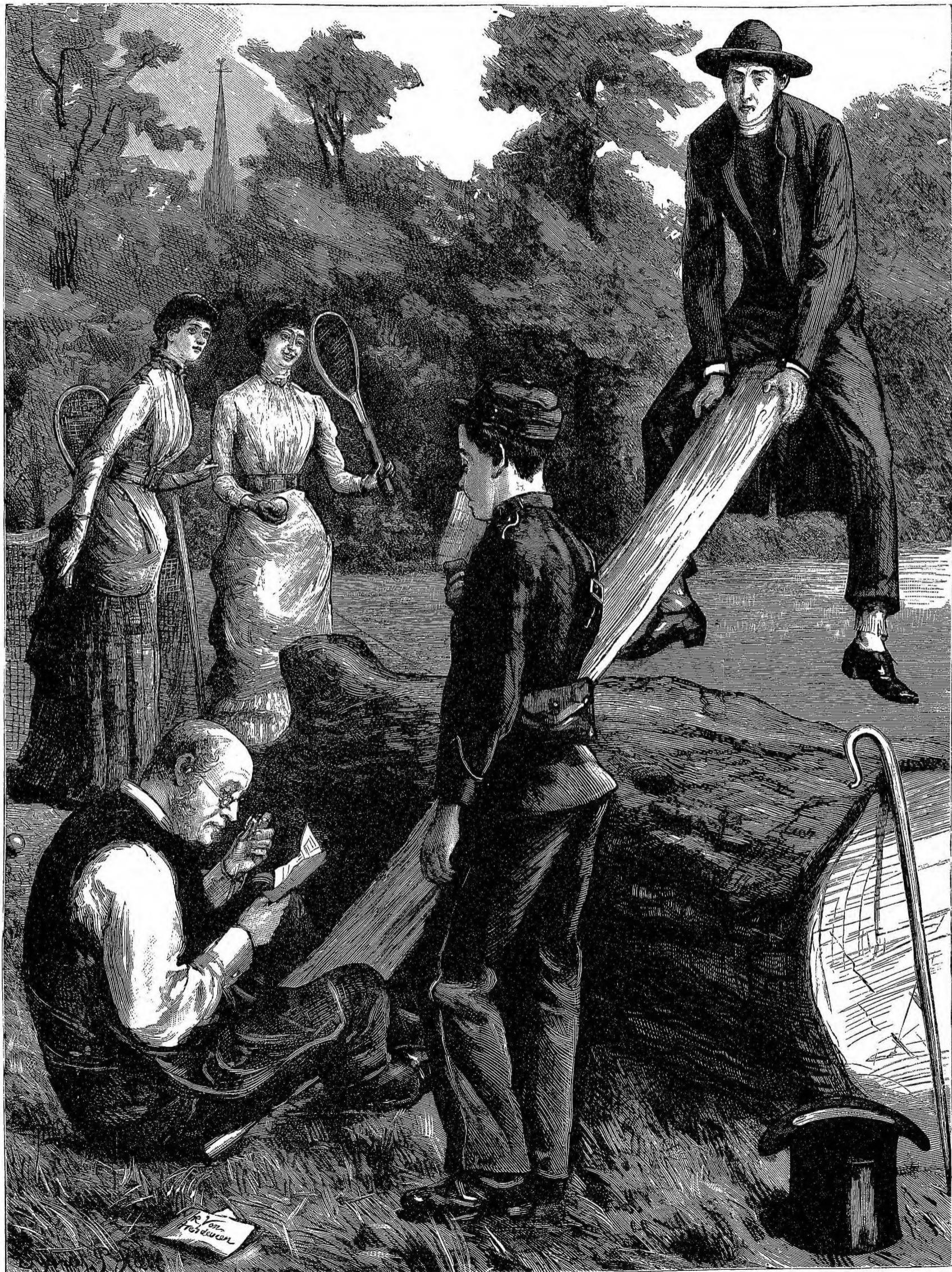
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 733.—VOL. XXVIII.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883

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"BEARER WAITS"



ENGLAND AND THE COLONIES.—In the interesting address delivered by Lord Lorne the other evening at the Colonial Institute he pleaded eloquently for the maintenance of cordial relations between England and the Colonies; and with the general tendency of his remarks Englishmen of all parties and classes will agree. In a few years there will be powerful nations in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada; and England would be foolish indeed if she did anything to alienate the sympathies of growing communities which are destined to play a great part in the world. At present they need our help more than we need theirs; but a time may come when the opposite will be true. So that even from a selfish point of view there are solid reasons why we should assiduously cultivate the friendship of the Colonies. When we come to details, however, it is by no means easy to say how England could prudently do more in this direction than she has done hitherto. There are enthusiasts who contend that she should propose the formation of a Confederate Parliament, in which all parts of the empire would be represented. But Colonial representatives could scarcely be entrusted with a voice in the settlement of our domestic difficulties, and certainly the Colonies are not of opinion that their affairs could be better managed in London than in their own capitals. As for matters in which England and the Colonies are equally interested, would they be more wisely managed by a Confederate body than they are by the Colonial Office, subject to the approval of the British Parliament? A Confederate body might consider it necessary to justify its existence by interfering with questions which are now let alone, and, if it did so, would inevitably create a good deal of "friction" which is avoided by *laissez-faire*. On the whole, that which seems to be the best plan for maintaining satisfactory terms with the Colonies is also the easiest. That method is to grant them, as nearly as possible, complete freedom of action, even when, as in their protective tariff, they manifest no disposition to treat us with exceptional favour.

THE PARNELL BANQUET.—But for one consideration, to be mentioned presently, the aspect of the round room of the Dublin Rotunda, and the speeches which were delivered there on Tuesday evening, would make an average Englishman or Scotchman despair of Ireland. The name of the Queen was not treated with absolute disrespect, because her health was not drunk at all; the Union Jack was not hidden away in a corner, because, amid a number of Irish National flags, of French tri-colours, and of American star-spangled banners, the British ensign was utterly invisible. The sentiments which were thus typified in the decorations and the post-prandial toasts were fully echoed in the speeches which succeeded. Mr. Sexton laboured to show that the Irish were justified in their hatred to the English, and then the hero of the evening followed with an address of the most Irreconcileable character. It was neither eloquent nor impressive, but it was decidedly vitriolic. Mr. Parnell is no hot-brained impassioned Celt, whose eloquent words bubble from his mouth almost against his will. On the contrary, he is a cold-blooded, calculating man, half American, half English by parentage, and with very little that is at all Irish about him except the fact that he has passed a good part of his life in Ireland. It is difficult to imagine that such a cool, astute personage really believes the indictment which he hurled on Tuesday evening against the statesmen and people of England. But he evidently thinks that this is the sort of address which will delight his Irish admirers. Well, is not this enough to make us despair of pacifying Ireland? Much of the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues has been undoubtedly mischievous, and we have never refrained from saying so in these columns. But it has been mischievous in a sense that ought to commend it to the Nationalists, inasmuch as it has connived at seditious agitation, and weakened the confidence of loyal Irishmen. But Mr. Parnell has not a word of gratitude for these concessions, he denounces Whigs as bitterly as Tories, and will admit of no remedy save Irish Independence. Yet we do not altogether despair, in spite of Mr. Parnell's violent and uncompromising language, because we suspect that there is a good deal of make-believe in it. The Irish are an imaginative race, and they like to pretend that they are terribly oppressed, and to be told so by their favourite orators. But every impartial person knows that this oppression is a myth. That there are exceptional laws in Ireland is unhappily true, the reason being that there are mutilators of cattle, fire-raisers, moonlighters, murder-conspirators, and other exceptional criminals in that country. One word in conclusion. After Mr. Parnell's Rotunda speech let the Government avoid any more Kilmainham compacts with him or his like. Far better to make him Dictator at once.

MR. HORTON.—The appointment of a Nonconformist to examine Churchmen in the Articles of their religion seems a natural and proper thing to certain persons who would declare it monstrous that a Dissenter should be tried in his tenets by a Churchman. When the University Tests Act of 1871 was under debate we heard a good deal about the hard-

ships under which Dissenters laboured in their Divinity examinations; but no Dissenter at Oxford was ever examined touching his particular form of schism by a Churchman. We know what an outcry would be raised—and justly—if Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, and Jews were required to pass an examination, as to their respective dogmas, before a member of the Church of England; but the position of Churchmen being examined in the Articles by a Nonconformist is exactly what that of these ill-used persons would be. The Examination as to Faith is compulsory for Churchmen at Oxford, but not for Dissenters, and that is the point of the whole matter. Intolerance has not been shown by those who opposed Mr. Horton's appointment, but by those who have the effrontery to contend that Churchmen should submit to an injustice which would be found unbearable by persons of other sects. It makes one ashamed to read some of the arguments, which, put forth in the name of religious equality, have been too obviously the outcome of mere spitefulness. Some persons' notion of religious equality is based wholly on the idea that members of the Establishment have no claim to any sort of consideration: it is surprising, however, that such an error in judgment should have been committed at Oxford, and upheld by fifty-three members of the Ancient House of Congregation. No doubt some of these gentlemen gave their votes for Mr. Horton's appointment simply out of respect for him personally, but in this matter Mr. Horton is not entitled to compliments. It was a mistake on his part to accept an office which, as a religious man himself, he knew he could not hold without giving offences to religious susceptibilities quite as respectable as his own.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—M. Ferry has obtained his Vote of Credit, but he must be easily pleased if he is satisfied with the manner in which it was granted. The majority of the Chamber evidently distrusted him, and acceded to his demand only because they could not be sure that a change of Ministry would not be attended by graver dangers than those which now beset the Republic. He is confident that even yet war with China will be avoided; and all the world hopes that he is right. But his intentions with regard to Bacninh and Sontay are not reassuring. These fortresses are held by Chinese troops, and M. Ferry proposes to seize them, believing that when they have been taken China will accept accomplished facts and enter upon serious negotiations. China, on the other hand, declares that France has no legitimate claim to the possession of Bacninh and Sontay, and that if she attacks them she will be resisted with all the force of the Chinese Empire. Is China sincere in this declaration? On the answer to that question everything depends; and unfortunately we cannot be sure that M. Ferry's information on the subject is trustworthy. So far, China has displayed remarkable firmness; and although she must know that a war with one of the greatest European Powers would be no light undertaking, she may be convinced that she has more to lose than to gain by submission. If a conflict has become inevitable, France will enter upon it without the sympathy of any of her neighbours; for she is everywhere held to have acted unreasonably and arrogantly. Notwithstanding M. Ferry's assumption of coolness, we do not believe that he will begin a conflict with a light heart: he has become aware that China may be a formidable enemy, and he has also good evidence that the mass of the French people are in a thoroughly pacific mood.

EMIGRATION NOTES.—Taking the average of emigrants who go to Australia, they are worth eight pounds per head as customers to the mother-country. This is a substantial reason for encouraging emigration, provided it is of the right sort. Nor need there be any fear of undue depletion. The population of these islands increases too fast for that. Then comes the question, Who should emigrate? We greatly fear that these schemes of State-aided emigration will end in disappointment; because, supposing that they are ever practically carried into effect, they will not export the proper material for colonial wear. A male emigrant without capital (as, of course, all these people would be) should either be a skilled workman at some trade which is wanted in the colony, or he should have the thews and sinews which are capable of rough, heavy, unskilled labour. How many of the people who are out of work here, and whom philanthropists would like to send abroad, can be classed under either of these heads? But few, we fear. Presuming that they are sober and well-conducted, the odds are that they are out of work at home because they lack either mechanical dexterity or physical strength. Mr. T. Burt, the member for Morpeth, has lately been visiting America; and as (unlike many M.P.'s) he really understands the ways of working men, his remarks on emigration to the United States are valuable. He puts the *pros* and *cons* very fairly. The work in America is harder, the hours are longer, the climate is more severe, there are fewer sports and recreations, and several of the necessities of life are dearer. But then, with the higher rate of wages a man can save, with his savings he can buy a plot of ground; and so, with moderate good fortune, he may look forward to a period of complete independence. All this may be said of Australasia, with the added advantages of the British flag; a population, unlike the Americans, devoted to outdoor amusements; and a climate, at least in New Zealand and Southern Australia, more suited to our countrymen than the excessive extremes of North America.

Young men and women who wish to emigrate should lose no time, for the vacant places of the world are rapidly filling up. At the present rate of progress, within less than fifty years the difficulties which are now confined to the densely-populated countries of the Old World will probably have spread to the Western and Southern hemispheres.

LARGE AND SMALL LANDOWNERS.—Few men can know London so well as Mr. W. J. Loftie, whose lately published "History of London" is a most entertaining book; but we can hardly hope that Mr. Loftie's sensible rebuke of Mr. Stopford Brooke for talking rashly about the great London landowners will have much effect. Every generation has its Turk's-head upon which aspiring politicians, big and little, try their fists. The Turk's-head of these times is the great landowner. We know that if all England were divided into small holdings there would be general distress, because the soil of the country is not rich enough to support peasant-proprietors who would depend exclusively upon it; agriculture in fact has, since the repeal of the Corn Laws, been carried on at a moderate profit, simply because the land has been in the possession of large owners, who could afford to remit considerable percentages of rent to their farmers in bad years. We all know this; every man among us who has studied the matter is quite aware that a breaking-up of the large estates would bring back Protection in a few years, that the price of the loaf would rise, and that the masses would not be a whit the better for the change. But it is so easy to point to large estates, and to cry that if cut up into strips they would give us plenty all round, though the argument is much like saying that a hundred garments might be made for the poor by cutting up one rich man's overcoat. As regards the London landowners, Mr. Loftie may point out that the great estates are free from slums, while the little ones fester with them, but this argument would not do at all for our reforming idealists. There is too much fact in it. A character in one of Miss Mitford's novels remarks that "it is very hard a poor lonely woman should not be allowed to feel a little harmless aversion for her neighbour without giving a reason for so natural a sentiment." A reason, however, can always be given for antipathy towards a great landlord, if it be only Lord Dundreary's, "I don't know that fellow, I've only seen the back of his head; but I hate him."

"EXPLANATIONS."—Lord Hartington is not generally supposed to be a man of impulsive temperament, yet on several occasions lately he has made singularly indiscreet public statements. Some time ago he said that in six months the British troops would probably be withdrawn from Egypt; and in one of his recent speeches he announced that Germany had expressed her willingness to co-operate with England for the protection of Europeans in the East in the event of war breaking out between France and China. This caused much offence in France, where it was supposed that England and Germany had come to some agreement that might be hostile to French interests. Thereupon an "inspired" paragraph appeared in the *Times* explaining that the agreement had been made, not only by England and Germany, but by the European Naval Powers generally, and that it was directed against the Chinese rather than against the French. It was now the turn of Germany to speak, and her account of the matter was, that it was not the German, but the English Government, which had taken the initiative, and that the Powers which had promised to co-operate had never thought of devising "a demonstration against either France or China." Surely all this misunderstanding might have been very easily avoided. The subject is not a complicated one; and if it was worth while to refer to it at all, Lord Hartington could have had no difficulty in stating exactly what had happened. His intention was to show, as he himself said, that Mr. Gladstone's Government had not alienated Germany; but this he did not show, while he produced a considerable amount of unnecessary irritation. By and by Lord Hartington will probably be the foremost Liberal statesman, and it is to be hoped that in the mean time he will learn to be a little more accurate in the handling of matters which affect the interests of other countries as well as those of England.

GOLD IN THE TRANSVAAL.—Two or three years ago there was a great deal of talk about gold deposits in the Wynaad, India; and a number of companies were formed to unearth the same,—hitherto, it would seem, with but slender success. Applications in the law courts for winding-up have been more plentiful than nuggets. The Transvaal appears, however, to be really a promising field for the gold-miner. The yellow dust is reaching this country in increasing quantities, and a nugget as big as a hen's egg has been found. We confess that we are chiefly interested in this intelligence from a political point of view. If a series of really "payable" gold-fields were discovered there, at all approximating to the richness of Ballarat, Bendigo, and the Ovens of thirty years ago, a large immigration would certainly take place into the Transvaal, and the supremacy of the Boers might be seriously threatened. We should be heartily glad if such a contingency were to occur, because the outside influx of gold-seekers would be more amenable to English ideas than are these dour Dutchmen. We do not deny their many excellent qualities—qualities in which they surpass the ordinary run of Colonists;

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but they hold views concerning the blacks which are utterly irreconcileable with the doctrines of modern English statesmanship. And, on this account alone, so long as they are independent and supreme in the Transvaal, they will be thorns both in our flesh and in the flesh of the natives.

GAMBLING ON STEAMSHIPS.—The American papers have been publishing some pretty disclosures as to gambling on board Transatlantic steamers. Passengers, who allege that they have been fleeced, have sued to recover their money, and in one or two instances have been successful—that is, they obtained judgments against their predators; but whether these latter have disgorged is a point on which there is no evidence. We have not much sympathy with a man who gambles away more than he can afford to lose, and then whines that he has fallen among thieves; he is not a bit more interesting than his fellow profligate who gets dead drunk in low company and afterwards marvels to find his purse gone. Men must learn to take care of themselves. A person who plays cards at his club, or in a private house where the host is a personal friend, has every reason to trust those who play with him, but a man who risks his money in a public place, and against strangers, is a mere simpleton if he expects to go unrobbed. As to the question of whether gambling should be tolerated in the saloons of steamers the position of the steamship companies in this matter is no doubt difficult. They all complain that if gambling is forbidden customers will desert them and travel on other lines. Certainly the companies might agree together to put down gambling, but then they might do many other excellent things by agreement. The difficulty is to bring them into concord. It is said that gambling was not fairly suppressed—or rather kept within moderate bounds—on the Mississippi steamers until one huge company swallowed up all its competitors. In the competition days every steamer was a hell, and there is a story of an unhappy man, who, having been cleared out at euchre on one of these river boats, landed centless at New Orleans, and trudged to the company's office to make a complaint:—"Stranger," said the secretary, "I notice you've a watch; were you wearing that on board?" Centless nodded. "Well, then, you've come to the wrong office," said the secretary. "If a flat like you had travelled on one of our boats, he'd have landed with just a shirt and a pair of pants, and I guess he would have had to borrow them from the engineman."

PRUSSIA AND THE PAPACY.—Much excitement has been produced in Germany by the announcement that the Crown Prince intends to visit the Pope. Official newspapers pretend that the visit will have no political significance; but it is difficult to believe that so marked an expression of good will would have been offered to the Papacy if Prince Bismarck had intended to go on with the Cultuskampf. During the last Session of the Prussian Parliament the Falk Laws were profoundly modified; and the Bishop of Limburg, who was deposed for his vigorous resistance to these measures, has just been reinstated in his Diocese. All this seems to indicate that a reconciliation between Church and State in Prussia is about to be effected, and the fact ought not to be regretted by patriotic Germans. That the Falk Laws were needed for some years may be admitted; for after the formation of the Empire the Roman Catholic clergy were undoubtedly hostile to the supremacy of Prussia, and they were encouraged in their opposition by the violence of Pope Pius IX. This feeling is no longer manifested, and it is hard to see, therefore, why the action of the Church of Rome should be impeded by exceptional legislation. The effect of the Falk Laws on the political life of Germany has not been salutary. Roman Catholics have considered it their duty to form a separate party in the State, and to vote on all occasions with reference to no other aim than the promotion of the interests of their Church. Thus there has been no continuity in the work of the Prussian and the Imperial Parliaments, and important questions which ought to have been disposed of long ago are still unsettled. If the Centre party were broken up by the abandonment of the Cultuskampf, Romanists, like Protestants, would be free to act as they pleased; and great groups of politicians would be gradually formed on intelligible principles. Germany might then hope to obtain something like a true representative system.

NIGHTCAPS.—We are unable to decide whether Dr. Mortimer Granville is right in saying that dreams and disturbed sleep in cold weather are due to the want of nightcaps. But it set us thinking about nightcaps. Their universal discardment, both by men and women, is a curious fact. A custom which had prevailed for centuries was abandoned within a few years. When the writer of these lines was a small boy, he and all his school-fellows wore nightcaps. He can see, in his mind's eye, his mother looking very charming in that item of feminine head-gear; and his father speeding swiftly from bed-room to dressing-room, similarly ornamented. Why have we abandoned nightcaps? Were our ancestors more intolerant of draughts than we are, or were there more chinks and crannies in the doors and windows than at present? We cannot accept this latter view, for the jerry-builder was never so prevalent in the old days as he now is. It must be that our forefathers and foremothers hated draughts; for they not only wore nightcaps, but slept

in four-post beds, with curtains snugly drawn all round. Whereas we, their descendants, despite of the jerry-builders, lie bareheaded in French bedsteads. Four-posters are now denounced as barbarous contrivances, yet our grandfathers and grandmothers, taken all round, were quite as healthy and well-developed as we are. Our conclusion is that the human body is capable of adapting itself to all sorts of varying conditions, and that the sanitary maxims of one generation are liable to be discarded by the next.

SHOP WINDOWS.—The taste of English tradesmen in decking shop-windows has much improved of late years. Our people cannot yet compete with the Parisians in this direction; but the shops in London are much more attractive than they used to be, and this is not due only to the more extensive use of plate-glass and to the widening of fronts. Perhaps the displays in the windows of some of our hosiers even excel those of the French; but Parisian jewellers, drapers, bonnet-makers, and pastry-cooks still surpass us, and this chiefly for the reason that they avoid overstocking their fronts. Overstocking is a nuisance to the customer inside the shop as well as a fault to the eyes of the spectator outside. There are shops in which it seems to be forgotten that the object of windows is to admit light. The customer who enters to buy gloves, stuffs, ribbons, or anything which it is required shall be of a particular shade, finds it difficult in these places to judge the colour of the goods he is handling, and he has to inspect them in the doorway. In Paris (and we believe to a smaller extent in London), there are professional *montreurs*, who go about just like landscape gardeners, and are paid so much a year to arrange the shop fronts of tradesmen who cannot rely on their own taste. It must be owned, however, that some of these gentlemen keep the souls of their employers under the harrow. One of them, who was great as an artist in drapery grouping, would allow nothing to be put in a window after he had decked it; and if it were pleaded that new stock had arrived whilst he was out of the way, and that it had been necessary to show it at once, he dismissed this excuse as frivolous, and begged that the offence might not be repeated under pain of his resignation. He once declined to officiate, as he called it, for a *modiste* who had a beautiful Persian cat, which cat had long been privileged to lie curled up in the shop window. "Cats are not a good advertisement for bonnets," said the great man. "They are indoor animals, and draw the ideas of a would-be customer towards the fireside, when her fancy should be enticed towards visions of sunshine and crowded promenades."

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, XII.", from the picture by Marcus Stone, A.R.A., Exhibited in the Graphic Gallery.



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"BEARER WAITS"

THE incident depicted in this drawing appears to be to the following effect. The Archdeacon, the curate, and the two girls have been playing a game of lawn tennis. In an interval of the serious business of this pastime, the two clerical gentlemen have been relaxing their minds and muscles by a bout of see-sawing. Suddenly a telegraph boy appears on the scene, whereupon the Archdeacon, in his eagerness, instead of releasing his companion, plumps down on the ground to read his telegram, sending his "undignified" companion high into the air.

NOTES IN THE EGYPTIAN PRISONS

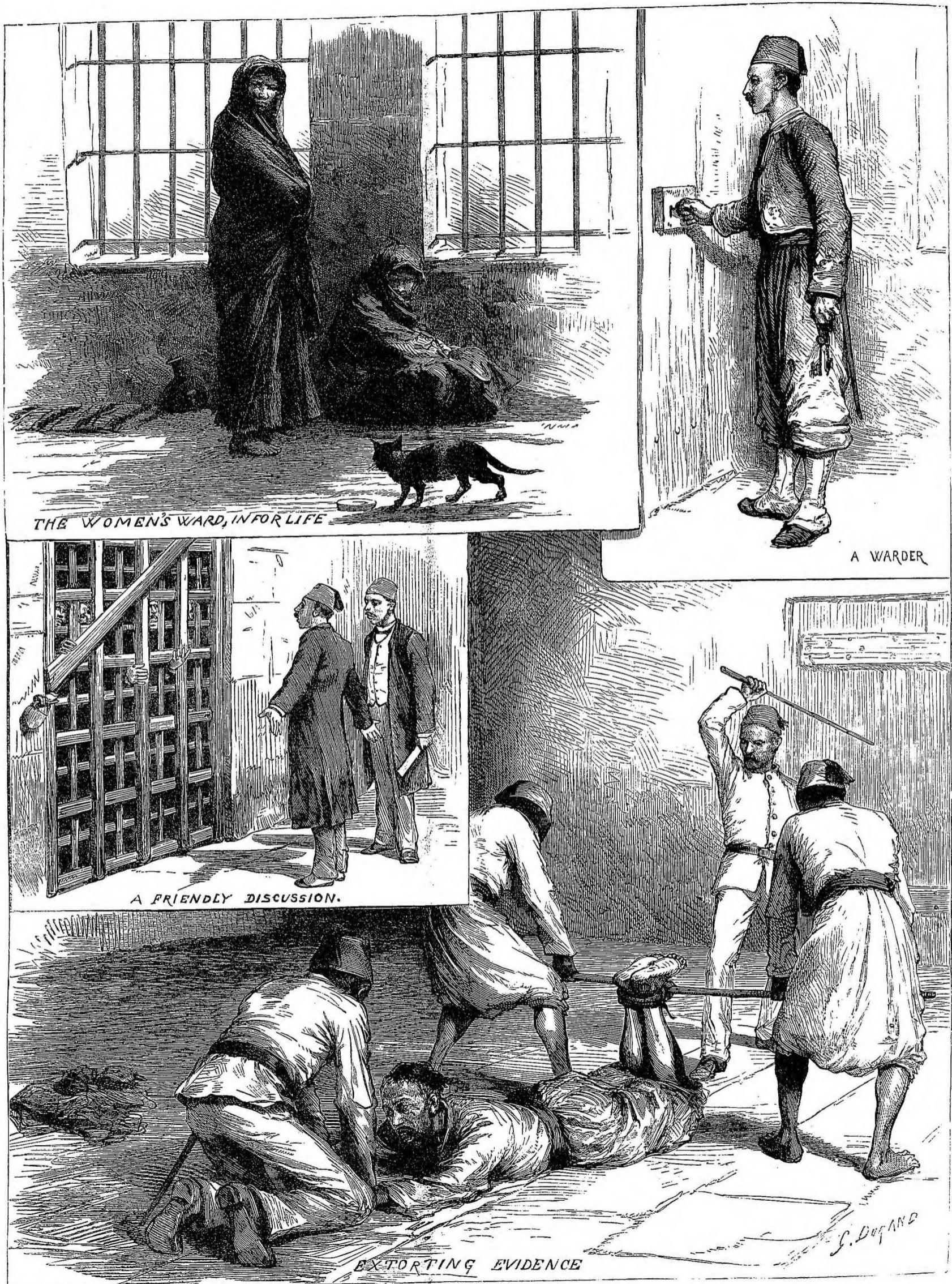
OF the many abuses which existed under the old Egyptian régime, none were more disgraceful than those relating to the prison system. We heard a good deal about them during Arabi's sojourn in durance vile, and a correspondent of the *Times* recently brought to light some of the sufferings which prisoners have to endure. Thus, Major G. D. Giles, of the Egyptian Gendarmerie, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, writes:—

"Among the many reforms which have been considered necessary for the welfare of Egypt is that of the prisons. The importance to a country of good prison establishments, and the discreditable state of those now existing in Egypt, would, it might naturally have been supposed, have called early and vigorous attention to the subject.

"On the principle of 'better late than never,' however, it is only during the last few weeks that any action has been taken in the matter, and an Englishman appointed as Inspector and Governor-General of the Prisons of Egypt. This gentleman is Dr. Harry Crookshank, whose previous experiences in Turkey well qualify him for such an appointment. My sketches illustrate a few incidents of prison life. In the women's ward were two or three cats, evidently pets of the inmates. Passing through the principal courtyard of the prison, on to which the different rooms open, a lively discussion occurred between the native Governor of the prison and a prisoner suspected of murder, who, shut up in a room with a number of other prisoners, had thrust his head as far as possible through the little square opening in the bars, and was gesticulating and talking at the top of his voice, complaining of the general discomfort of a prison life. The Governor was saying what he could in favour of it. Some very startling cases of extorting evidence in the manner represented in the sketch have recently been brought to light."

THE BURNING OF THE BRUSSELS HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

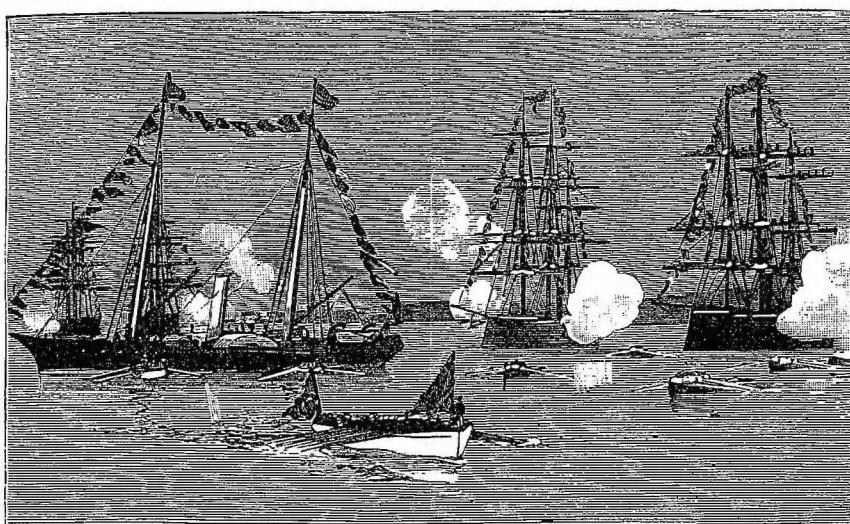
ON Thursday, last week, the Brussels Palais de la Nation, or Houses of Parliament, was destroyed by fire. The Deputies were



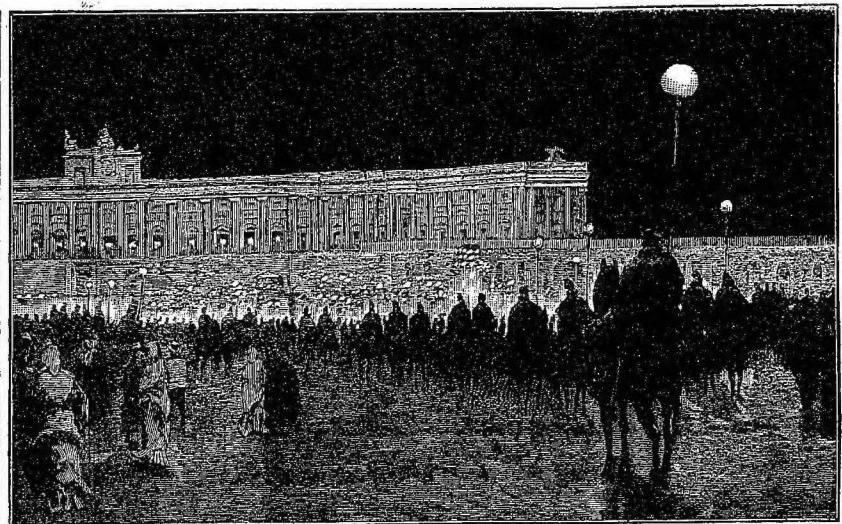
SCENES FROM THE EGYPTIAN PRISONS, I.
FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER IN CAIRO



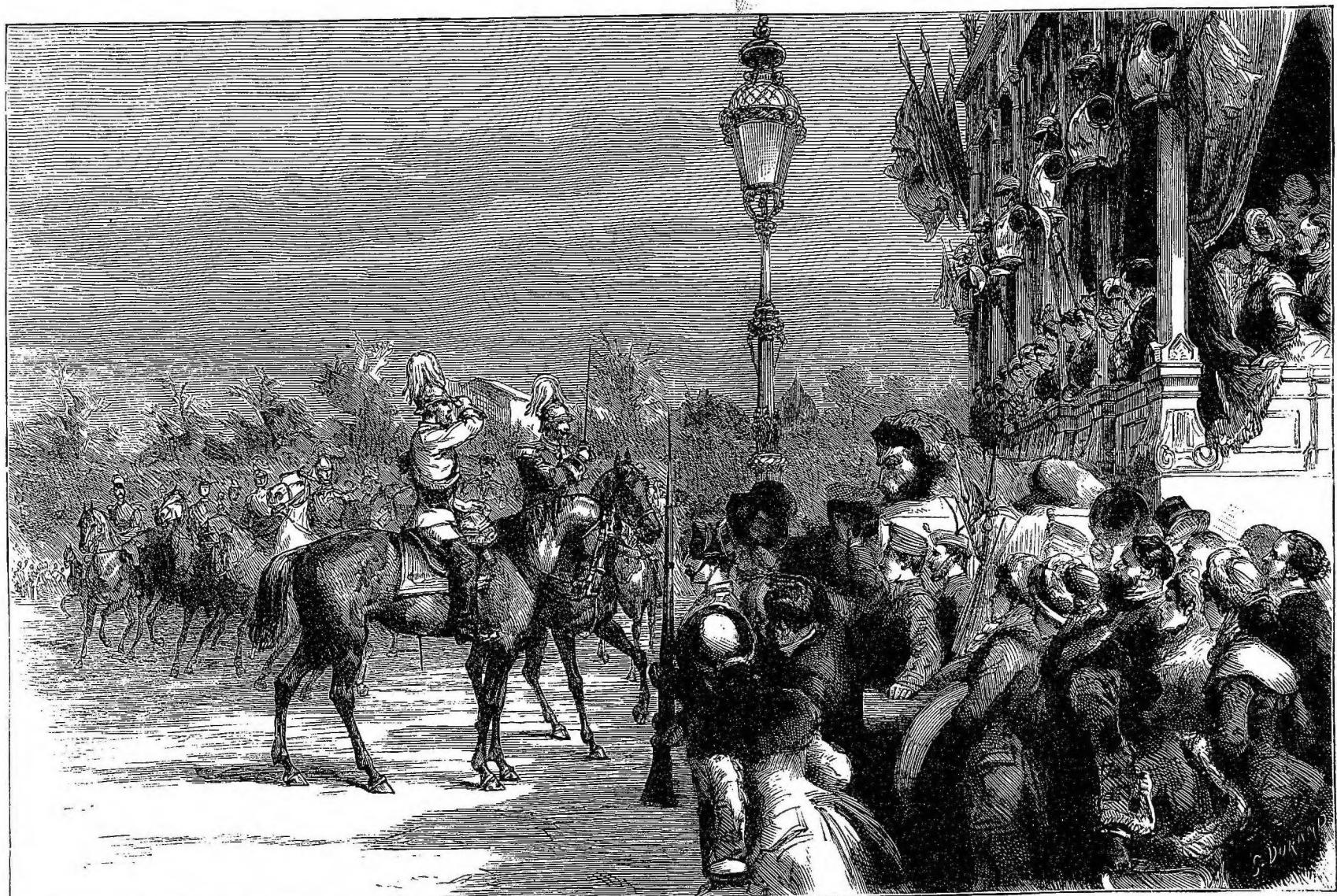
THE BURNING OF THE PALAIS DE LA NATION, OR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, BRUSSELS



THE DISEMBARKATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE AT LA GRAO, THE PORT OF VALENCIA



MILITARY SERENADE BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, NOV. 26



THE CROWN PRINCE SALUTING THE LADIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE MILITARY REVIEW, MADRID, NOV. 24

THE VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY TO SPAIN

in Session when the first alarm was given by the appearance of a volume of thick smoke in the Hall. The deliberations were at once suspended, as a telegram somewhat naively remarked, "in order that the members might get safely away." Despite all the efforts of the firemen, however, the flames gained so great a hold on the building that they lost all command over them, and they were only able to prevent the fire from spreading to the Senate House and adjacent buildings. The fire is stated to have originated with the sun-burner used for lighting the House, and lasted four hours, by which time the Palace was a mass of ruins. The famous library, which was full of rare books and documents, was completely consumed, and, indeed, the only part left standing is the *fagade*, which was the work of the celebrated sculptor Godecharle. The Parliament House, it may be remembered, was situated at the head of the Rue de la Loi, at one end of the Iuppitrian Park—the King's Palace standing at the other. The building dates from 1779-83, when it was erected by Maria Theresa for the meetings of the old Council of Brabant.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY IN SPAIN

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived at Valencia on Nov. 22. Disembarking, amid thundering salutes and the cheers of 10,000 spectators, at La Grao, the port of Valencia, he was received in a pavilion by General Blanco, who welcomed him on the part of the King, by the civic Governor, and by various Spanish magnates. After receiving the official greeting, and baskets of fruit and flowers from a bevy of peasant girls, the Prince drove to Valencia with General Blanco and the Governor of Valencia. Another official reception took place there, and the Prince was entertained at a review and a grand gala performance at the theatre; after which he left by train for Madrid. The Prince reached the capital the following noon, and, as we have already related, was warmly welcomed by King and people alike. We illustrated the grand review on the Prado last week, and now engrave another sketch showing the Crown Prince saluting the occupants of the Royal Pavilion on his arrival on the ground. These included the Queen, the King's mother the ex-Queen Isabella, and the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, the two daughters of the King, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Body, and various official representatives. Another of our engravings illustrates a torchlight serenade outside the Palace after an official dinner given to the Prince by the King. All the bands of the Madrid garrison took part in the serenade, which was highly popular, the crowd of spectators being stated to have been the greatest ever known in Madrid at such an hour towards the end of November. The visit of the Crown Prince to Spain has been in every way a marked success, and he has been not merely politically but personally popular, his frank and courteous demeanour, so different from the starched and stilted haughtiness with which the Spaniards traditionally associate Royalty, having charmed all circles.

VIEWS ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

To middle-aged men it seems but the other day when the Far West of North America was really the Far West, known only to hunters and trappers among the white men, and when San Francisco, now the golden metropolis of the Pacific Coast, was a sleepy little Spanish-American settlement or mission, chiefly known to commercial men as a place whence hides were exported.

We need not enlarge on the revolutions which have taken place during the last thirty-five years. Enough to say that the Far West has practically disappeared, that the countless herds of bison are almost extinct, and that the restless, enterprising, go-ahead "Melican man" (as the Chinese call him) has penetrated and settled everywhere. For many years after the Californian gold discoveries it was a slow and toilsome business to cross the Continent. There were perils by Indians and perils by famine to be encountered, and many preferred the prolonged sea voyage round Cape Horn. Now East and West are united by no less than four distinct lines of trans-continental railway. The southernmost of these traverses the regions of New Mexico and Arizona, then comes the Union and Central Pacific, which runs along the Platte Valley from Omaha, and has its terminus at San Francisco. This was the first established of all these lines. And, thirdly, there is the Northern Pacific, of which the last spike was driven at the end of last August, and which runs from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, and St. Paul, Minnesota, in the East, to Portland, Oregon, and Olympia, on Puget Sound, in the West. This line, which passes on the north of the celebrated Yellowstone Park, crosses the Continent about midway between the aforesaid Union and Central Pacific and the Canadian Pacific (the fourth of these great railway systems), which passes entirely through British territory.

The Northern Pacific Railway will render millions of acres of virgin soil available for cultivation and settlement. Until the Canadian Pacific Railway is opened, the Northern Pacific will be the shortest route to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia,—colonies which, though neglected for a long time, have now begun to engage the attention of capitalists.

The western terminus of the Northern Pacific is Portland, in the State of Oregon. Only a few years ago it was almost a wilderness, but now contains about 50,000 inhabitants, and being situated near the confluence of two such important streams as the Willamette and the Columbia Rivers, it is almost certain to become a very large city. More than a million sterling has been spent in making a lock to render the upper waters of the Columbia navigable, and an extensive field will thus be opened up for the tourist, the sportsman, and the agriculturalist. Two immense snow-capped peaks rising precipitously above the fertile plains lend a wonderful charm to the scenery for fifty or sixty miles around, and the fame of the river for salmon has rendered it almost a household word in England.

Our views are engraved from photographs taken by Mr. Herbert Green Spearing.

A "VIKING'S TOMB" AT TAPLOW

Few of those wearied Londoners with whom the quiet little village of Taplow is such a favourite riverside resort are probably aware that it is a place of great archaeological interest. The very name of the village, Tap-hlewe, "Mound on the Hill Top," is a proof of its antiquity, and from the various pottery and other finds which have been made there it is clear that it formed an abiding place for Celt and Roman-Briton. The mound in question stands in the churchyard, and is 240 feet in circumference and about 15 feet high, while it is surmounted by the remnants of an ancient yew-tree—estimated to be some six centuries old. The mound was generally thought to have been a tumulus, but as much archaeological curiosity was felt with regard to its real meaning, Mr. Grenfell, the Lord of the Manor, and the Rev. Mr. Whateley, the Vicar, having given permission for the mound to be excavated, this laborious task was undertaken by Mr. J. Rutland, the Secretary of the Berkshire Archaeological Society. A shaft was accordingly sunk on the summit, with a second vertical shaft sunk on its north side. The earth material was found to be very loose and friable, and throughout it were found fragments of bones and teeth of animals and broken pieces of British and Romano-British pottery. One fragment of Samian ware, at the depth of 16 feet, showed that Roman vessels had been brought there, and some pieces of coarse brown ware had their surface pricked up into rough knobs similar to those designated "grape cups." There were also some flakes of flint and used "scrapers." After four days' work, Mr. Rutland relates in a letter to the *Times*, the first indication of an interment was found at a depth of 20 feet—a quantity of gold fringe, which doubtless formed the

embroidery to a cloak or mantle. This evidently was fastened at the shoulder by a large gold fibula or buckle of exquisite design and workmanship, and jewelled with garnets, which lay close to the fringe. It is of the crossed or Tau-shaped form, and close by two similar buckles were found. Towards the centre of the grave, which measured 12 feet by 8, were an iron double-edged sword in a wooden scabbard, two iron spears, two knives in wooden sheaths, and an iron ring. Two iron shield bosses were also found, and a magnificent bronze vessel, probably of Roman workmanship, and underneath it was a small drinking-horn, with silver-gilt terminals and bands. Near it lay the fragments of a glass vase, and also a bucket with iron frames and ashen staves. In the centre were the crusted remains of a large bucket with iron frame, but covered with plain bronze. It contained the fragments of two glass drinking-cups, each 11 inches high, and 4 inches wide at the mouth, and with pear-shaped drop ornaments in alternate lines round the body of the cup. The glass is thin, and of a greenish tint, and is ornamented round its upper part with two large silver-gilt rings. Another bucket and other fragments of glass drinking-vessels were found, a silver-gilt ornament of crescent shape, and about thirty circular ivory hollow rings, about an inch high, the ends of which were closed by ivory discs united by a silver pin. These may have been draughtsmen, or counters for a game. There were very few fragments of bone, but there appears to be little doubt that the mound formed the tomb of some old Norse Viking, who must have died on some plundering expedition up the river, and who was buried there with his treasures by his men in true Viking style. The relics which have been unearthed are to be added to the National collection.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Henry P. Treeby.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT OXFORD

THE performance of a play of Shakespeare by Oxford amateurs, the women's part taken by ladies, wives and daughters of dons, and the entire affair taking place "by permission and under the patronage of the Vice-Chancellor," would, a few years ago, have been regarded as something incredible. Amateur acting, which, in the days before the Civil Wars, was popular in Oxford, for a long time afterwards fell under the ban of the authorities. The actors have now raised their heads again, and, under the liberal auspices of Professor Jowett, the present Vice-Chancellor, have obtained permission to perform in public, and even to receive the assistance of ladies in the female parts, with the condition that nothing less serious and formidable than Shakespeare shall be attempted.

The Merchant of Venice was the play selected by the Oxford Philanthropic Society, and its first representation took place on the evening of the 4th inst. at the Town Hall.

An effective prologue, written for the occasion by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, was well delivered by the Hon. J. G. Adderley. The cast of the piece was as follows:—Antonio, Mr. Gordon, Merton College; Bassanio, Mr. Courtney, M.A., the Secretary of the Boat Club; Shylock, Mr. Bourchier, Christ Church; Lancelot Gobbo, Mr. Bromley Davenport, of Balliol. Portia was acted on alternate nights by Mrs. Courtney and Miss E. Arnold, Nerissa by Miss J. F. Arnold, and Jessica by Mrs. Woods. The incidental music is by Mr. Monckton, under the direction of the Rev. S. Angel-Smith. The scenery for the casket incident was provided by the artistic abilities of the members of the club; the remainder by Messrs. J. Simmons, of Covent Garden.

"With some of the faults natural to amateurs," says the *Times*, "the elocution of the actors was good, expressive, and not overdone. Taken as a whole, the performance was excellent, conscientious, and thorough."

THE VICTORIA SCHOOL, CARLSRUHE

A BOARDING-SCHOOL is connected with the Victoria School in Carlsruhe, Grand Duchy of Baden. This establishment was for many years a flourishing institute for girls, and was acquired in the spring of 1880, after the death of the late proprietress, by H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Baden, who takes the most zealous interest in its welfare. A Committee of experienced gentlemen and a Lady Superior are responsible for the fulfilment of the objects aimed at by H.R.H., namely, a thorough education, based on sound religious principles.

The Institute consists of a day-school and a boarding-school, in which latter the daily routine is modelled as much as possible on that of a Christian family life. Conversation is carried on in German and French; the instruction is given by the most eminent Professors in Carlsruhe, a town of high renown in Germany for its superior public schools and colleges. The course of study comprises Religious Instruction, German Language and Literature, History of Art, History, Geography, Natural Science, Arithmetic, and Geometry, French, English, Pianoforte, Singing, Dancing, Drawing, Painting, and Needlework. Divine Service is regularly held by the English Chaplain in Carlsruhe, the Rev. F. B. Harding, M.A. The deep interest and continual personal care which H.R.H. accords to her school is the best guarantee that it will remain what it is, a model school for girls of all nations. The Lady Superior of the Victoria School will most willingly afford information on all questions concerning the Institute, its aims and its regulations, which latter appear from the prospectus to be of a very sensible character.—Our engravings are from photographs sent to us by Herr Von Bohlen Halbach, Grand Seneschal to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden.

THE VOYAGE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO INDIA

FOUR of our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. G. D. Campbell. Three represent incidents on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Cathay* on her voyage to Bombay. The Duke and Duchess were on the bridge on entering the Canal at Port Said, and acknowledged the salute from H.M.S. *Signet*. That of the arrival at Suez shows the P. and O. ships *Shannon* and *Peshawar* at anchor, with yards manned, &c., and also some Egyptian gunboats in the distance. A guard of honour of Egyptian troops was drawn up on the quay at the entrance to the Canal, and a steam launch, with the Governor of Suez and the British Vice-Consul, escorted the *Cathay*. A fifth sketch depicts the *Cathay* entering Aden Harbour, and is from a sketch by Lieutenant S. G. O'Dell, who writes:—

"The Duke and Duchess arrived about 10 A.M. on November 15, and landed at the Prince of Wales Landing Stage, which was very prettily decorated with palm-leaves and flags. They were met by Brigadier-General Blair, V.C., and, after receiving an address from the Parsees of Aden, drove up to the Camp, visited the Tanks, and returned to lunch with General Blair at the Residency. The Duke and Duchess left Aden at about 5 P.M. for Bombay. The roads were lined by the troops in garrison, and guards of honour from the 1st York and Lancaster and 4th Bombay Rifles were in attendance at the landing stage, both on the arrival and departure of their Royal Highnesses. A detachment of the Aden troops, under Lieutenant Geoghegan, formed the escort."

TYPE OF BEAUTY NO. XII.

THIS is not the sort of picture which we can confidently recommend to the susceptible bachelor who desires to ornament the walls of his solitary chambers. The young lady whom Mr. Marcus Stone has depicted looks at you (as soon as you look at her) with

such a pair of eloquent eyes and such an air of complete devotion, as though she would say, "It is you, you only whom I adore," that it is to be feared that some impressionable youth might be led, like Pygmalion, to invoke the gods to bestow the gift of life on this too fascinating being. And supposing his Galatea were, with the caprice of womankind, to select an inconvenient moment for becoming flesh and blood, say just when his mother and sisters were taking tea in his chambers after visiting the Chrysanthemum Show. Would it not be very awkward? Would not his relatives be as incredulous about the alleged miracle as was Daphne, the shrewish wife of that renowned Athenian patron of Art, Chrysos?—Our engraving is published by permission of the proprietor of the original picture, William Ryland, Esq., Rye Lodge, Nether Edge, Sheffield.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 597.

PICTURES FROM THE INSTITUTE

THE extraordinary success of the Spring Exhibition in the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has awakened much interest in the forthcoming Exhibition of Works in Oil, and although we must defer our detailed criticism until our next issue, yet it is one of the things generally known that the Exhibition is of very high merit indeed, and will most certainly be a great success.

The members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours are to be commended for their fairness and liberality to *outsiders*, as the general body of artists is termed—as by their rules they limit themselves to exhibit three works, and only to hang one necessarily on the line.

Many of our foremost painters—including Messrs. Alma Tadema, Briton Rivière, Henry Woods, Macbeth, Gregory, Linton, Long, Fildes, and Stone—have either joined the Society or sent pictures for exhibition.

The illustrations which we print from the illustrated catalogue show a marked improvement on anything of the kind we have seen, and we hope to see this system extended even further. As the printing of such engravings is now generally improved, illustrations of this kind will in future be more carefully drawn by the artists, and be more appreciated and more sedulously preserved by the public.

The Exhibition was duly opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Thursday last. This was the first step to success. The private view is to-day, and it will be open to the public on Monday next.



MR. TENNYSON, it is understood, has accepted a Peership. A genealogical correspondent of a contemporary claims for him a descent, through John Savage, Earl Rivers, from sixteen English Kings.

MR. ARTHUR PEEL has accepted the invitation to be the next Liberal candidate for the Speakership.

LORD SALISBURY made an incisive speech at Watford last week, commenting severely on the disagreement on the question of Reform publicly exhibited by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, and declaring that, with the population outstripping the means of subsistence, Parliament would be better employed in considering the condition of the people than in conflicts raised by the theories of philosophers and the ambitions of rival politicians.—Beginning this week an oratorical campaign in Lancashire, Sir Richard Cross also dwelt on these diversities of Ministerial opinion on the Reform question.—Mr. Childers, at Pontefract, said in regard to Parliamentary Reform that there was no disagreement among Liberals on the main question of the assimilation of the County and Borough Franchise. The Government would not allow party considerations to prevent them following Lord Salisbury's signal in the matter of the housing of the poor, but nothing could be done until London has a proper Municipality.—Mr. Trevelyan, at Galashiels, spoke cheerfully of agricultural enterprise in Ireland since the Land Act had bestowed security of tenure, and hopefully of its future, though admitting that the Queen's Government alone stood between it and civil war. He omitted any reference to an extension of the suffrage in Ireland.

PRESIDING AT THE BANQUET of the London and Counties Liberal Union, Lord Granville declined to reply to the attacks made by Lord Salisbury and other recent Opposition speakers on the Government, and dealt chiefly with obstruction in the Commons, especially as regards the number of questions put on foreign affairs and policy. His only significant remark was to the effect that he doubted the speedy advent of a General Election.

IF MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, speaking at Leeds last week, returned by a majority of 450 over the Conservative candidate, Sir W. T. Charley. The Government thus gains a seat, Mr. Cobbold, whom Mr. West succeeds, having been a Conservative. Mr. Cobbold was a resident of Ipswich, and had considerable local influence.

IN AN ADDRESS at the Colonial Institute on our relations with Canada and other great colonies, the Marquis of Lorne spoke of the benefits offered by the Dominion to emigrants, and explained the reasons for the adoption of a protective system by Canada, remarking that in its classification of imports the Canadian Government intended to give the products of the Mother Country an advantage over those of other countries. He thought that, better than representation of the Colonies in the British Parliament, would be the establishment in London of a Council of Colonial Envoys, and suggested that the Colonies should figure, for treaty-making and other purposes, in the style and designation of the Sovereign of the Mother Country.

ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL REPORT on the Underground explosions, the explosive used was of the dynamite kind. In each case the charge was dropped from an up train; in the Praed Street case from the train injured, the charge having exploded prematurely. The perpetrators of the outrage have not yet been discovered.

AT A MANSION HOUSE CONFERENCE on the dwellings of the poor, which was convened by the Lord Mayor, and at which the Archbishop of Canterbury was present, the tenor of the speeches was in favour of making existing legislation more effective. The mover of the first resolution, Lord Claud Hamilton, opposed any interference with private enterprise in the erection of dwellings for the working classes. But Mr. Torrens, M.P., said that money was wanted for the object, and recommended the application to it of the thirty-nine millions of Savings Banks funds now devoted to the reduction of the National Debt. The Government only paid 2½ per cent. interest to the depositors, and the money, if applied to the

provision of better house accommodation for the people, could easily be made to yield more.

LORD WOLSELEY presided and Lady Wolseley distributed the prizes at the London College for Working Women. One of the speakers was Colonel Maurice, son of the founder of the institution, the late Rev. F. Denison Maurice. Speaking at a distribution of prizes by Lady Wolseley to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of Royal Fusiliers, Lord Wolseley, referring to the armaments of the Continent, said that they betokened the approach of some terrible war.

THERE WAS A LARGE DEMONSTRATION on Sunday to promote the objects of the Shop Hours' Labour League. A resolution was passed in favour of the introduction of a Bill into Parliament shortening the hours of labour in shops, and otherwise regulating it in the spirit of the Factories and Workshops Act. The movement has received the adhesion of some large employers.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL HAS BEEN STARTED as the organ of Mr. Dobbs, the victor in the long litigation with the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. A testimonial is to be presented him for his championship of the public rights, and in a numerously signed requisition he has been invited to stand as Independent candidate for Lambeth at the next election.

BARONETIES have been conferred on Mr. William Bowman, the eminent oculist, and on Mr. Joseph Lister, the distinguished surgeon. WITH advancing years—he is now eighty—Professor Owen has resigned the office of Superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, which he has filled for a quarter of a century. To other hands, therefore, will have to be committed the care of the magnificent collection now being transferred from Bloomsbury to South Kensington.

THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY have had read to them a posthumous fragment on "Instinct," which was composed by the late Charles Darwin for his "Origin of Species," but most of which was omitted from it for the sake of condensation. Professor Huxley expressed his regret that the paper should have been communicated in its unfinished state, as he thought that otherwise Mr. Darwin would have modified some of the views contained in it.

AT A MEETING presided over by Professor Huxley, it was decided that the most suitable memorial of the late Mr. William Spottiswoode, to be subscribed for by the public generally, would be an endowment in connection with the Printers' Corporation, for the maintenance of an incapacitated printer or printer's widow. The choice well harmonises with what were Mr. Spottiswoode's business avocations.—A fund is also to be raised by subscriptions from Fellows of the Royal Society only, to procure a bust or portrait of Mr. Spottiswoode for presentation to it, and also some other memorial of his connection with that Society.

A LADY DOCTOR has been elected one of the acting physicians of the Birmingham Children's Hospital, though eight of the most eminent medical men of the town were candidates for the post.

LORD ROSSMORE continues to receive public and private expressions of sympathy from the Loyalists of Ulster. At Monaghan a procession was formed to welcome him at the railway station. The horses were taken from his carriage, and his supporters drew it to the Town Hall, where there was a demonstration in his honour. Lord Rossmore said that what he had done he would do again.—A National League Meeting to have been held at Loughrea was suppressed by a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant.—A section of the Liberals of County Derry have chosen the Solicitor-General as a candidate for the seat vacated by the promotion of the late Attorney-General, but the great body of the Presbyterian electors object, it seems, to have the representation of the county made a stepping-stone to the Bench, and are putting forward an independent candidate, the Rev. Professor Dougherty, of the Mayo College.

DEFIANCE OF ENGLAND was the key-note of Mr. Parnell's speech at the banquet given him in Dublin on receiving a National Testimonial for 30,000/. He denounced with equal vehemence emigration and coercion, and boasting that, with or without extension of the suffrage to Ireland, the votes of the Nationalist Members in the House of Commons after the next election could determine what Ministry should rule in England, he bade his followers be patient and confident of success, and threatened Mr. Gladstone's Government with overthrow if it attempted to renew its Coercion Act, or any part of it.

AN INTERESTING ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY has been made near Maidenhead in excavating a tumulus of a fourteenth-century house containing pottery of a kind which fixes its date. Traces of the prehistoric age and of the Roman-British period were present, showing that the Saxons, when collecting the material for the tumulus, carried away earth containing relics of earlier occupiers.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK records the death, at seventy-four, of Sir Richard Amphlett, whom a paralytic stroke, six years ago, forced to resign the functions of a Lord Justice of Appeal; of Sir Charles Hall, the greatest of authorities on the law of real property, whom paralysis also compelled to resign the Vice-Chancellorship last year; of Lord Craven, well-known in the hunting-field, at the age of forty-two; of Mr. C. B. Cayley, brother of the distinguished mathematician, and the translator of Dante and of the Iliad, in his sixty-first year; of Mr. James Edmondson, formerly of Manchester, and an energetic member of the Anti-Corn-Law League, at the age of seventy-six; of Mr. J. J. Bond, Senior Assistant Keeper of the Record Office, and author of a very useful work on Chronology, just when completing his sixty-fourth year; of the Rev. Stephen Creyke, Rector of Bolton Priory, Yorkshire, formerly Archdeacon of York, in his eighty-eighth year; and of Mr. Richard Doyle, the well-known artist, very suddenly, at the age of fifty-eight. The father of Mr. Doyle was the "H. B." of the prominent political caricatures of thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Doyle first became known by his artistic contributions to *Punch*, his connection with which, being a Roman Catholic, he severed on account of its satirical attacks on his Communion. In later years he was known as a graceful illustrator of books, among them Thackeray's "Newcomes."

THE CATTLE SHOW has been favourable to Royal Berkshire, since not only does Her Majesty the Queen take first prizes and the Champion Plate, the Hereford Breed Cup, &c., but Col. Loyd-Lindsay, of Lockinge Park, gains the Reserve Number.—Mr. Walter, M.P., takes a first prize for his Devon steer, and again other first prizes for his Devon heifer and shorthorn cow; and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay wins a first prize for shorthorn steer.—In the Artists' Cattle—the shaggy Highland breed—we have another instance of a Scotchman liking England, the first prize going to Mr. Maxwell of Thorney, Peterborough, who had the animal from Lady Gordon Cathcart, of Cluny Castle, Aberdeen. The grandest beast in the Show was the first prize black Welsh ox sent by Major Platt from Bangor, and it was another Welsh animal that with its weight, 22 cwt. 1 qr. 6 lbs., was the heaviest animal in the Hall. A Scotch Polled came next, with 21 cwt. 23 lbs., while a Sussex cow that had three calves was amongst the heavy stock, with a ton weight and 5 lbs.—One Hereford, one shorthorn, and one cross-bred animal turned the scale at a ton.—The Red-polled classes were good, and seem likely, in the future, to challenge the famous "Doddies" from Scotland.—The Queen's champion cow, taking 200/- in prizes, was bought from the breeder, as a yearling calf, for under 10/-—The Prince of Wales exhibits some very beautiful Devon cattle.—Experts note that the sheep classes dominate the Show for super-excellence, the Hampshire and Wiltshire Downs taking premier place for early maturity in weight. The Suffolk black-faced Downs, a breed only lately admitted as a separate variety, attracted general approval.—The

pigs are excellent in the few breeds that are now selected, and great size and great fatness are no longer passports to the prize list.—That Christmas friend of the poor, who yearly gives one of the prime beasts to the Lisson Grove district, again made a good selection of one of the primest exhibits. Lazarus, at Lisson Grove, will have as good beef as Dives elsewhere. The fine specimens of roots exhibited prove that the autumn season has been kindly, and that true seed is now easily obtainable from our leading seedsmen. Samples of excellent ensilage were shown; grass from Lord Walsingham and Mr. Potter, and clover and rye grass from Mr. Harris, North Devon. The latter was considered the best English sample yet exhibited.

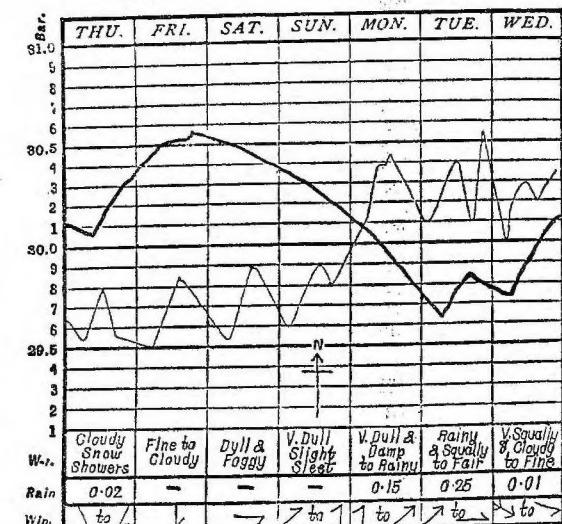
"HOW WE DEFENDED ARABI AND HIS FRIENDS"*

THIS work is published opportunely, at a time when English politicians and statesmen, of both the great parties, must be glad of anything that may tend to enlighten them on Egyptian affairs, now further complicated by the ill news from the Soudan. Mr. Broadley writes, of course, as a partisan. He thoroughly believes in Arabi, and in the patriotic motives of those who supported him. With this author the rebellion we went to Egypt to suppress was a genuinely national movement, and the man who headed it was, in disinterestedness and purity of purpose, not morally inferior to Garibaldi. Egypt, according to Mr. Broadley—and he seems right—suffers mainly from the feebleness of its present nominal ruler, from the corrupt working of a defective system of law, from the excessive number of overpaid public servants, and from the extortion practised on the fellahs by the village usurers. From such evils Arabi desired, and still desires, to save the country, and his advocate sees, in the eventual restoration of the exile of Ceylon, the only possible fulfilment of the promise to give Egypt "a fair start."

Arabi's counsel appear to have practised a most praiseworthy perseverance in their efforts to counteract the intrigues and general falsehoods of the restored Ministers of the Khédive. Messrs. Broadley and Napier would have fared badly but for the all-powerful aid of Sir Charles Wilson, and later on of Lord Dufferin. How the shifty policy of Riaz Pasha and his subordinates was foiled is told in a not uninteresting manner. Moreover, Mr. Broadley has a good deal to say that is well worth noting about the part played by the Palace at Constantinople in the early phases of the Egyptian troubles, when the Sultan fished in disturbed waters with so little good result to himself. The Khédive, Mr. Broadley more than hints, was the author of the burning of Alexandria, his motive plainly being to discredit a man whom he feared. Altogether, with the exception of Arabi, the portraits of distinguished Orientals given us by this author are not attractive. It would seem more than Quixotic to imagine that a society with such leaders, and in itself so utterly wanting in many qualities, could accomplish any reform unless assisted by a strong external pressure. The author also shows very clearly the mischievous effect of the so-called friendly co-operation of the French.

Although Mr. Broadley tells us that he was so busy with his clients that he had no time to see anything of Egypt, or even of Cairo, he gives entertaining information about Shepheard's Hotel and the "European opinion" whose home was in its balcony. Here he met the representatives of Western journalism. Mr. Bernard, of the *New York Herald* seriously proposed to purchase Arabi. "Nothing," said this enterprising gentleman, "could be easier. Bennett's yacht will take him off quietly. For the first twelvemonth Arabi shall write three-quarters of a column every week for the *Herald* on European politics, and then Barnum will run him on the platform in the States. We will give 250,000/- down, and allow Arabi 1,000/- a year." A Count Zizina also offered a similar sum for the privilege of exhibiting Arabi in all the principal cities of Europe. Among other gentlemen connected with the press in the gallery at Shepheard's was Mr. Frederick Villiers of *The Graphic*, fac-similes of whose sketches, taken on the spot, add materially to the interest and value of this work. In this connection, it may be observed that the Egyptian pashas are keenly alive to the immortality they may obtain by the appearance of their portraits in the *Illustrated London News* or *The Graphic*. In conclusion we may express the opinion that Arabi was singularly fortunate to obtain so able, so energetic, and so enthusiastic a champion as Mr. Broadley.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM DEC. 6 TO DEC. 12 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the approximate time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Weather during this time has been generally cloudy, with some snow, sleet (both slight), and rain. At the commencement of the week pressure was high and temperature low, while the prevalent winds were from the northward, but during the latter part the barometer had reached a comparatively low level, and temperature had risen, while the predominant winds were from the southward, and some rain occurred. In the interval between Thursday (6th inst.) and Saturday (8th inst.) pressure ruled high, and conditions were mostly cloudy, with slight snow on one occasion, while the northerly winds which blew—temperature being but little above the freezing point—were particularly bleak and cutting. From Sunday (9th inst.) till Tuesday (11th inst.) a steady fall in the barometer took place, owing to the passage across our islands of depressions from the Atlantic, and the cold winds of the few preceding days were supplanted by warm south-westerly ones. Weather was generally dull, with rain; some distinctly bright intervals, however, occurred on Tuesday (11th inst.). Wednesday morning's (12th inst.) chart showed that very general and severe gales had been experienced in the past night, reaching the force of a whole gale in London and the Midlands; the rainfall, however, was by no means heavy. The barometer was highest (30°58 inches) on Friday (7th inst.); lowest (29°64 inches) on Tuesday (12th inst.); range, 0°94 inch. Temperature was highest (51°) on Tuesday (12th inst.); lowest (30°) on Friday (7th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0°43 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0°25 inch, on Tuesday (12th inst.).

* "How We Defended Arabi and His Friends: A Story of Egypt and the Egyptians." By A. M. Broadley, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Tunis Past and Present." Illustrated by Frederick Villiers, Special Correspondent of *The Graphic* in Egypt. (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited, 1884.)



A WHALE has been caught in the Menai Straits. The creature was stranded in trying to escape from some fishermen.

PACKAGES FOR TRANSMISSION BY PARCELS POST will be collected free in all large towns as soon as the Postmaster-General can make the necessary arrangements.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR, the eminent French artist, who has long been suffering from a very painful malady, is much better, and the doctors give hopes of her recovery.

A ZOOLOGICAL PANORAMA is to be constructed in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. The panorama will contain pictures from animal life, together with ethnological representations.

A WONDERFUL GOLD NUGGET has been brought to England from the Transvaal. It is nearly as big as a hen's egg, is remarkably free from impurities, and contains 920 parts of true metal.

THE VESTALS' HOME AT ROME, which we illustrated last week, continues to yield valuable archaeological treasures. Now another pedestal of a statue in honour of a superior of the Vestals has been unearthed, which, like those already found, bears a laudatory inscription.

THE CULTIVATION OF MUSICAL TASTE in young people by means of concerts of good music adapted to their understanding, is being tried in New York this winter. The best musicians and vocalists take part in the concerts, and the music is chosen to suit children between eight and sixteen years of age.

FENCING is now the favourite recreation of Viennese belles, the Empress Elizabeth, as usual, having set the fashion. A grand "aristocratic assault-of-arms" was accordingly given lately in Vienna, where the performers were twelve young lady amateurs, most elaborately got up in pink and blue costumes.

A DRAMA ON NANA SAHIB, dealing with some of the most exciting scenes of the Mutiny, is to be brought out next Monday in Paris, under Madame Sarah Bernhardt's direction, and great stress is laid on one of the characters being sustained by a genuine Mahratta girl, whose grandfather was a devoted follower of the Nana, and was killed by the English.

THE GRAVES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS who went to America in the *Mayflower* have been discovered at Plymouth, Massachusetts. No such graves have ever been positively identified before, and memorial tablets are accordingly to be placed on the site. Evidently these tombs contain the remains of settlers who died during the first winter after their arrival.

THE STEAM YACHT "CEYLON," whose voyage round the world in 1881-82 was illustrated by our special artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp, has just been fitted at Sunderland with new engines and boilers, and is now lying at Southampton preparatory to starting on a series of pleasure voyages. She will leave Southampton on January 3rd, 1884, for her first cruise of two months in the Mediterranean, making calls at various ports as far East as the Piraeus.

ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS are the latest things in deceptions, and numbers of "manufactured bivalves" are said to be passed off on the Paris public. Hitherto, although the oyster itself could be well imitated, it had been found impossible to make the substance adhere to the shell like nature, but an ingenious personage has invented a glue which overcomes all such difficulty. The exact composition of the imitation is not stated, but copper is a prominent ingredient.

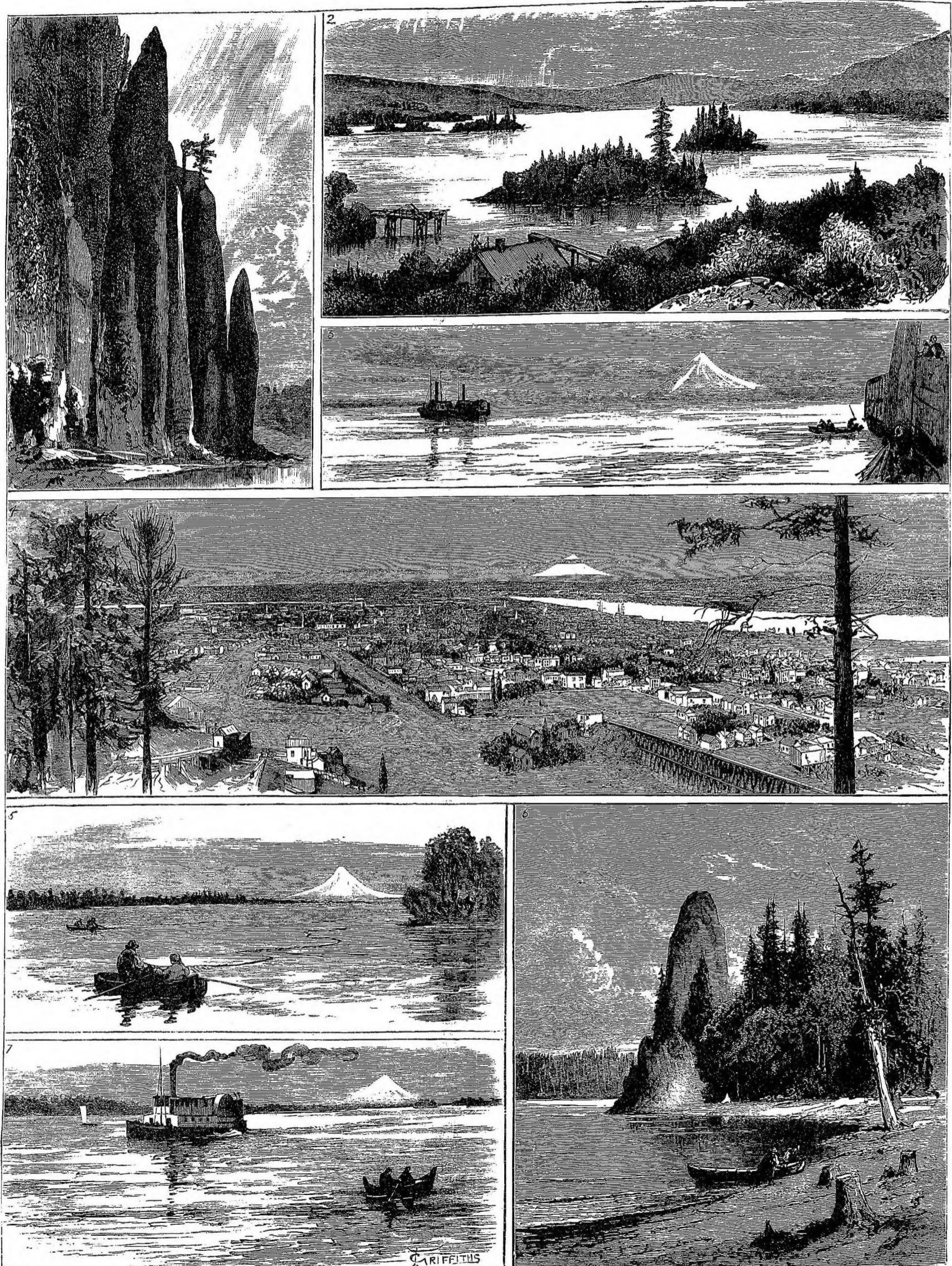
MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIMALAYAS seems a somewhat disappointing amusement, for after all his efforts and long waiting Mr. Graham has been obliged to give up the ascent of Kinchinjunga for this season, owing to the desertion of his coolies and the difficulties touching money and supplies. He intends, however, to try again next year, when he will bring sufficient European assistants, as he has found coolies so unreliable. However, it is stated that he succeeded in scaling another Himalayan peak, Pundin, which is over 22,000 feet high, and on whose summit he found no difficulty in breathing.

A REVIVAL OF ANCIENT ART is vigorously setting in throughout Japan, as sensible natives are beginning to see the evil effects of Western influence in deteriorating the true national style. Now the Japanese are eagerly looking up their old artistic heirlooms, and taking care that such treasures do not pass into European hands for a few pence only. In order to raise the public taste also exhibitions are to be held in the chief cities of the best works of the old Japanese masters, the series having been opened by a display in Yokohama of some 120 pictures by Tanin, who lived more than two centuries ago, and is considered one of the great native painters.

A FIGHT FOR A CHURCH recently considerably excited the inhabitants of a backwoods village in Connecticut, U.S. Last summer revival meetings took place in the neighbourhood, and all the women of Wequetequock became converted, while the men remained indifferent. As there was no church in the village the women held their religious meetings in the open air during the warm weather, but when the cold set in they asked for the use of the school-house. The masculine unbelievers refused, and after many discussions the men and the women fought it out, the numbers being equally matched. The women formally besieged the men in the school-house, and, after a fierce conflict, ousted the unbelievers, and won the day.

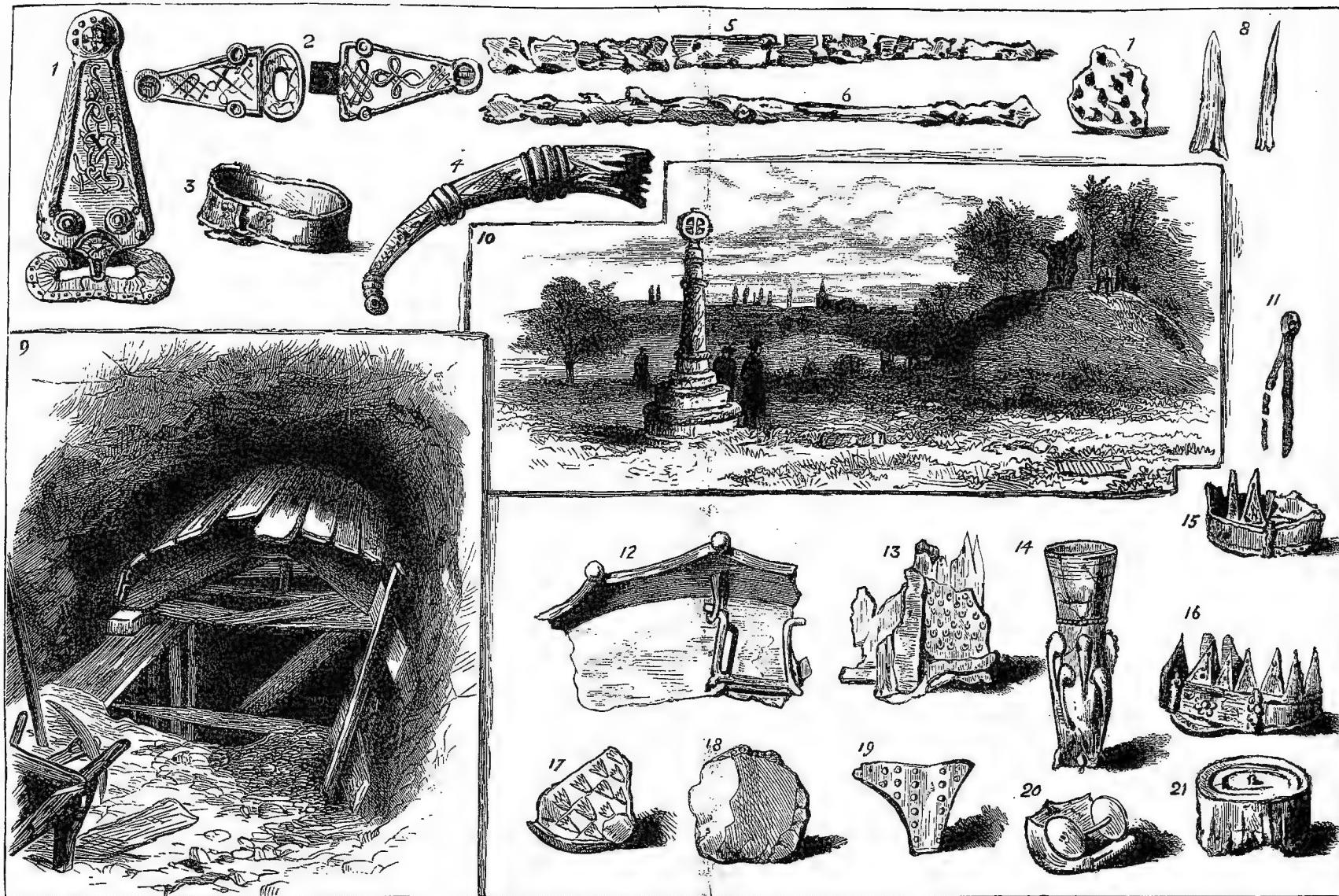
FOUNDERS' DAY, CHARTERHOUSE.—The annual function in memory of Thomas Sutton, the founder of this school and hospital, was held as usual on the 12th inst. The sermon was preached by Prebendary Gibson, Principal of Wells Theological College. At the dinner which followed in the old Hall 122 Old Carthusians assembled, the largest number ever known. (In 1848 there were 117.) Speeches were delivered, among others, by the Rev. Dr. Currey, the Master, the Rev. Richard Elwyn, J. G. Talbot, Esq., M.P., Sir Lewis Sargeant, General Power, Lieut.-Colonel Wilkinson, and H. C. Saunders, Esq., Q.C. The proceedings were enlivened by the sweet singing of a choir of boys from the school at Godalming. It may be added that the Charterhouse dinner has been celebrated annually without a break, certainly since 1680, and probably much longer.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,628 deaths were registered, against 1,655 during the previous seven days, a fall of 27, being 216 below the average, and at the rate of 21·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 2 from small-pox (a decline of 3), 44 from measles (a rise of 6), 53 from scarlet fever (a fall of 6), 23 from diphtheria (a decrease of 5), 43 from whooping-cough (an increase of 14), 26 from enteric fever (a decline of 7), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 5), and not one from typhus fever. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 448, a decrease of 5, and 56 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths; 39 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Three cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,346 births registered, against 2,423 during the previous week, being 294 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 37·8 deg., and 4·7 below the average.



1. Cape Horn, on the Columbia River, Here About Two Miles Wide.—2. View on the Columbia River Near the Upper Cascade.—3. Mount Ranier, Washington, from the Railway Wharf at Tacoma.—4. Portland, Oregon, the Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, with Mount St. Helen's in the Distance.—5. Mount Hood (17,000 feet), from the Junction of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers.—6. Rooster Rock, on the Columbia River.—7. Mount St. Helen's, near Portland, Oregon (12,000 feet), Supposed to be a Dormant Volcano.

SOME VIEWS ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, U.S.A.



1. A Gold Brooch-Buckle (Weight 4 oz).—2. Small Buckle for Fastening the Girdle.—3. Gilt Silver Bracelets.—4. Drinking Horn.—5. A Sword.—6. A Barbed Spear.—7. "Grape Cup."—8. Bone Shuttle and Stiletto.—9. Vertical Shaft, Sunk 20 Feet at the Bottom of which the Remains were Discovered.—10. A View of the Barrow.—11. Tweezers.—12. Fragment of a Large Bronze Vessel, 16 Inches in Diameter.—13. Fragment of Bronze-Cased Bucket, Showing Portion of Iron Bands.—14. Glass Vase, 11 Inches High.—15 and 16. Mitre-Shaped Armlets of Ornamental Gilt Silver.—17. Fragment of Samian Ware.—18. Flint Scraper.—19. Fragment of Saxon Pottery.—20 and 21. Ivory "Draughtsmen."

THE DISCOVERY OF A VIKING'S REMAINS AT TAPLOW



THE TRIAL SCENE FROM THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE" AS PERFORMED AT OXFORD BY MEMBERS OF THE PHILOTHESPIAN CLUB.



THE news from EGYPT still tells of defeat and disaster in the Soudan, and this week we hear of the "annihilation" of another Egyptian force near Suakim. It appears that from November 26 to December 1 the forts round the town were attacked by the rebels, and in order to chastise them a force of 900 men was despatched on December 2 by Mahmoud Taher Pasha, the commander at Suakim, who himself, however, remained behind. The main portion of the troops consisted of Soudanese negroes, who on coming up with the enemy fought most stubbornly. Owing, however, to the cowardice of the Bashi-Bazouks, they were defeated, and cut to pieces, barely eighty men, of whom a number were officers, escaping. The negroes are described as having fought back to back in groups and in pairs, grasping their muskets by the barrel, and swinging them like clubs, or standing firmly with fixed bayonets against the onset of lance and sword and shield. Great alarm was created at Suakim by the disaster, and considerable apprehension was excited at Cairo, as it was feared that the rebels might follow up their success and seize Suakim. The Khédive at once deposed Mahmoud Taher, this step causing all the more satisfaction as it was he who on the first news of the Moncrieff disaster fled on board a steamer, instead of taking prompt measures against the enemy.

The rebels, however, do not appear to have attempted to attack Suakim, though H.M.S. *Ranger* thought it advisable to throw rockets over the town, in order to alarm them. Meanwhile both Baker Pasha and Zebehr Pasha have been busily reorganising the reinforcements, and the former was expected to leave for Suakim on Thursday. The troops under his command will, in addition to those already at Suakim number 2,300 gendarmes, 1,500 black troops, and 4,000 Bedouins. Colonel Sartorius will command the gendarmes, Zebehr Pasha the black troops and one half the Bedouins. The other half will advance up the Nile under Hussein Pasha, *et al.* Korosko, enrolling recruits by the way. The two forces will effect a junction somewhere between Berber and Suakim. From the interior there is little trustworthy news, but it is reported that Sena is in a state of insurrection. As for the Mahdi, he does not appear to be making any forward movement—fortunately for Egypt, as time is thus being gained for organising a competent defence on the frontier.

In FRANCE the Tonquin Expedition has acquired a new impetus by the passing of the required vote of credit, and of a vote of confidence in the Ferry Cabinet, by good round majorities. M. Ferry's closing speech on Monday was a powerful defence of the policy of the Government, and the warmth with which he denied having deceived the Chamber, and the vigour with which he insisted upon the necessity of occupying Bacninh and Sontay before successful negotiations could be carried out, greatly impressed his hearers, who felt that at all events M. Ferry was a man of action as well as of words, and that if they overthrew him there was literally no man fit to take his place. Nor were they mistaken, for as soon as the result of the vote was known M. Ferry telegraphed to Admiral Courbet to advance as quickly as possible. Despite the unqualified declaration of the Chinese that any attack on Sontay and Bacninh—now garrisoned by their troops—would be considered a *casus belli*, M. Ferry is of opinion that China will accept an accomplished fact, and will not refuse to continue negotiations even after the capture of the two points in question, and moreover will then submit to the French terms. He may or may not be right in his conjecture, but it is a significant fact that every mail brings more and more trustworthy intelligence of Chinese military reinforcements despatched to the frontier, and of the appointment of the most skilful generals in the Celestial service to important commands. Of active operations at the scene of the conflict, however, we only hear of an abortive attempt of the Chinese to seize Haiphong.

From FRANCE proper there is little news. The proposed Anarchist demonstration before the Bourse did not take place last week, but the Government took the most stringent precautions in the event of any outbreak. Other topics have been the election of General Camponet and M. Jean Macé as Life Senators, the reception of M. de Mazade Percin at the Academy, and the death of Badinquet, the mason in whose clothes Napoleon III. escaped from the fortress of Ham, and who was rewarded with a pension of 60/- a year. The explosives recently received by M. de Lesseps were sent by a Belgian engineer named Wennemaekers, who was annoyed at M. de Lesseps not having paid the expense of some plans relating to the Suez Canal which had been spontaneously offered by Wennemaekers. He is now in the hands of the police.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY has startled political circles in his own country by the announcement of his visit to Rome on his way back from Spain. This was at once regarded as a further proof of the determination of Prince Bismarck to conciliate the Vatican, and wholly to abandon the *Culturkampf*—a policy which the Prince has now been pursuing for the last two years. The Conservatives, of course, are delighted, while the irritated Liberals, of course, raise the cry of "Going to Canossa." The *North German Gazette*, Prince Bismarck's official organ, however, naively remarks that it would not have been courteous of the Prince to pass twice through Italy without having paid his respects to her King, while, once in Rome, "it is but a natural consequence of the rules of politeness existing between all Courts that the Crown Prince should call on the Pope—a sovereign living at peace with us." This admission of the sovereignty of the Pope is all the more striking as but a few years since Prince Bismarck vigorously denied that any such dignity could be accorded to the Pontiff. In Italy itself the news of the visit has given great satisfaction, and is looked upon as an additional testimony of Germany's friendliness to King Humbert and his people. The Italian press, however, is mainly occupied with wrangling over conjectures as to whether the Prince will pay his first visit to the King or the Pope. To come to actual fact, it is stated that the Prince will reach Genoa on Monday—being met out at sea by the Duke of Genoa and an Italian squadron. He will then journey to Rome in due official form. Meanwhile the Prince has continued his Spanish tour, has been to Seville, Granada, Cordova, and Barcelona, whence he would embark to-day (Saturday) for Genoa.

After a fortnight's festivities, however, SPAIN has now turned to business. The King's speech on the opening of the Cortes has been anxiously looked forward to by all circles, owing to the serious political crisis. It was discussed at Tuesday's Cabinet Council, and is stated to contain important concessions to the Advanced Party, notably on the questions of universal suffrage and civil marriage. Another important political item has been the conclusion of a commercial agreement with the British Government. By this—which was signed on December 1st—the two Governments engage to open negotiations for a Treaty of Commerce, which shall include a Consular Convention and a Treaty of Navigation. On its side Spain consents to make "such modifications in the present conventional tariff as, after careful investigation, shall be found necessary to meet the legitimate requirements of British trade." In return, the British Government, if the Spanish concessions are considered sufficient, will ask Parliament to extend the present shilling limit of the alcoholic scale from 26 to 30 degrees, with additional modifications above that point. In the mean time,

during the negotiations, the British Government will at once provisionally accord this tariff, and the Spanish Government will admit the British goods according to the rates of the second column of the present Spanish tariff.

In AUSTRIA the Upper House has shown a singular spirit of fanaticism by declining, though by a majority of only five, to sanction the Bill allowing the intermarriage of Jews and Christians by civil ceremony. There were vigorous speeches on both sides, but the Clerical party, of course, were dead against the Bill, and there being twenty-five Bishops in the House, the Bill was accordingly thrown out. In Croatia all now seems quiet, and the new Ban, Count Khün-Hedervary, has been enthusiastically received at Agram. The first meeting of the Croatian Diet will be held on the 17th or 18th inst. All the members will attend in national costume, and the Ban will be invited to attend, and will be formally welcomed in the name of the Assembly. The Pest-Semlin Rail-

way, an important link in railway communication with the East, has been opened.

The excitement about the *Libert* Bill in INDIA has been in no way calmed down by the explanations of Lord Ripon last week in the Legislative Council, and he certainly showed an unusual dependence on, and deference to, the Home authorities. This, to say the least of it, is unusual for an Indian Viceroy, whose post has generally been considered superior to that of a mere registering Secretary of the India Office. He announced that the Home Government had agreed to the proposed modification of the Bill, and that the next step would be to refer the measure to a Select Committee, who would consider any amendments that might be proposed. As, however, two members of the Executive Council were absent, he could not say when that step would be taken. The *Times* Calcutta correspondent describes the situation as most critical. On the one side the Europeans have hooted Lord Ripon. On the other, parties of ladies and gentlemen have been saluted with native cries of "Long live the Viceroy," "Victory to Ripon," interspersed with opprobrious epithets and low terms of abuse, such as "English pigs." The attitude of the natives, indeed, proves how dangerous an appetite for further concessions Lord Ripon has aroused, and how thoroughly he has succeeded in setting class against class. "Any trifling event," he continues, "a street *fracas*, for instance, between a European and a native may produce riot which might have most lamentable and far-reaching consequences. One word from the Viceroy—the intimation of an intention to adopt the manly course of withdrawing the Bill—would put an immediate end to this most dangerous and deplorable tension."

As a striking contrast to the unpopularity of Lord Ripon, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been received with marked enthusiasm. They have now left Calcutta for Meerut. The Calcutta Exhibition is attracting large numbers of visitors, and seems in every way a success. In Afghanistan the exploring expedition sent to the Takh-i-Suleiman is returning. It has now been ascertained that the Takbut is not one mountain, but consists of two parallel ridges distant from each other about four miles, and joined by a plateau of about a mile broad. The Sheorani tribesmen opposed the expedition because they thought that the British intended to carry away the hill and plant it in British territory. Their attack, however, was repulsed with little difficulty.

In the UNITED STATES the Irish party are greatly excited with regard to the sentence on O'Donnell. Numerous deputations have interviewed President Arthur, and the House of Representatives have adopted a resolution bringing the matter before the notice of the President. It declares that O'Donnell claims to be an American citizen, and requests President Arthur to secure such reasonable delay in order that he may ascertain whether such is the case, and whether the condemned man has been tried and convicted in accordance with the provisions of the municipal laws of Great Britain. President Arthur has accordingly communicated with Mr. Lowell on the subject. Other items have been the introduction into the House of a Bill prohibiting the importation of articles injurious to health from countries which, for the same reason, prohibit the importation of American goods—a hit at Germany and her anti-pork policy. The Republican National Convention summoned to nominate the next President will meet at Chicago on June 3.

AUSTRALASIA has taken the first step towards federation. The Inter-Colonial Conference at Sydney have adopted a draft Bill for the Constitution of a Federal Council, and the representatives of the various Governments pledged themselves to request their several Legislatures to petition the Home Government in favour of the measure. The proposed Council would consist of two members for each colony, and one member for the Crown Colonies. A Session should be held yearly, and any three of the Colonies should be competent to summon an extra Session. The authority of the Council will extend to the relation of the Colonies with the Pacific Islanders, to the prevention of the influx of criminals, to marriage, to divorce, to fisheries, to naturalisation, to the enforcement of criminal process, to extradition, to Colonial defences, to quarantine, to patents, copyright, bills of exchange, and various other matters. The Royal Assent would be necessary to give effect to its decisions. The Conference also decided that the Premiers of New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria should be appointed a Standing Committee to watch over all matters relative to subjects discussed by the Convention, which further gave as its opinion that no extensive purchase of land made before the establishment of British jurisdiction in New Guinea should be recognised, and that the Australasian Colonies should at once pass a uniform law to prevent the landing on their shores of criminals from penal settlements in the Pacific.



THE Queen has been entertaining numerous visitors at Windsor, the chief guests being the Princess of Wales and her eldest daughter, who spent some days at the Castle, and the Crown Prince of Portugal. On Saturday Princess Beatrice went to Farnborough to spend the day with the ex-Empress Eugénie, and next morning the Queen with the Princesses Beatrice and Irene attended Divine Service in the private chapel. The Princess of Wales and her daughter attended the later service in the chapel, and subsequently accompanied Princess Beatrice to the evening Service at St. George's Chapel. The Princess of Wales and her daughter left on Monday, when Her Majesty received Baroness Mohrenheim, wife of the Russian Ambassador, and the Crown Prince of Portugal and his suite, the Duke of Albany, the Portuguese Minister, and Lord Kenmare arrived on a visit. The Queen gave a dinner-party in the evening, when Prince and Princess Christian joined the guests, and next morning the Crown Prince, the Duke of Albany, and the other visitors left for town. The Duke of Cambridge lunched with Her Majesty, and Princess Beatrice went to a sale of work for charity at Lady James Murray's house, while in the evening Princess Irene of Hesse left on her return to Darmstadt. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council, and subsequently Prince Prisdany presented his letter of recall as Siamese Minister, and the new

Envoy, Prince Nares Varariddhi, was introduced. Sir G. Savile Lumley, K.C.B., was also presented on his appointment as Ambassador to Italy. Yesterday (Friday), being the double anniversaries of the deaths of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice, was to be observed by the usual services at Frogmore, various members of the Royal Family joining the Queen at Windsor for the occasion. On Tuesday next Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice go to Osborne for Christmas.

The Prince of Wales returned to town at the end of last week from visiting Mr. Tyssen Amherst at Didlington Hall, Norfolk, and on Saturday attended a special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masons, where he received the rank of Grand Master and Past Grand Master of the Mark degree. The Duke of Albany was also present, and a banquet concluded the proceedings. On Monday morning the Prince was joined by his wife and eldest daughter, and the Royal party went to the Cattle Show, where they met the Duke of Edinburgh and the Crown Prince of Portugal. Subsequently the Crown Prince, the Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne lunched with the Prince and Princess, and in the evening the Prince of Wales went to the smoking concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society, where the Duke of Edinburgh played the leading violin. Next morning the Prince presided at the annual general meeting of the Smithfield Club, and was present at the luncheon afterwards. The Crown Prince of Portugal dined with the Prince and Princess in the evening and accompanied them to the Lyceum Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales went shooting at Surrenden, Kent, with Sir Henry James, and in the evening the Crown Prince of Portugal dined with the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves England next Monday in the *Minotaur* to join the Channel Squadron at Vigo, and the Duchess and children will spend most of their time at Eastwell during his four months' absence. He entertained the Crown Prince of Portugal at dinner on Saturday night, and on Tuesday returned to Eastwell, where the Princess Louise also arrived on a visit. He visited the Ashford Cattle Show during the day, and on Wednesday went to the Canterbury Cattle Show. The Duke has sent donations of 25/- to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society and the Portsmouth Sailors' Home. He has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the German Army.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany went to the Court Theatre on Saturday night. They go Liverpool on January 26, for the Duke to distribute the Council of Education prizes, and during their visit will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall.—Princess Christian on Saturday took part in a concert given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society at Windsor, where she played several piano-forte solos, and also presented, on behalf of the subscribers, a testimonial to Sir G. Elvey, late organist of St. George's, Windsor. On Monday afternoon Prince and Princess Christian witnessed a theatrical entertainment given by the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor.—The Crown Prince of Portugal leaves England about Monday next. He did not go to Scotland after all; but visited Manchester, Birmingham, and Oxford before returning to town.



CONCERTS.—The *ante-Christmas* concert-season is close at an end, and little more remains to be said of it. At the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, the whole performance was directed by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, of Cambridge, Mr. Manns having left for Glasgow, as usual. Amid a varied programme (comprising no symphony), the place of honour was assigned to Mr. V. Stanford himself, whose orchestral Serenade in G, originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1882, was given for the first time at Sydenham, and evidently pleased its new hearers quite as much as it had done those who bore witness to its presentation to the world. In fact, the Serenade fully exemplifies the poetic appliance of its title, and certain parts of it must always be listened to with interest. Another "first time here" was a selection from Mr. Hubert Parry's incidental music to the *Birds* of Aristophanes. A more advantageous position than the end of the programme might have been allotted to this music by a clever compatriot, who thinks as earnestly about whatever he undertakes as does Mr. Villiers Stanford himself. The Cambridge people, and even Herr Richter, paid it more deference. At any rate the three pieces chosen from the *Birds* left the audience small chance of reflecting as to whether Gluck's *Orpheus* conveyed a more likely idea of Greek music absolute than Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, &c.; how much Mr. Parry's Greek music, while inferior to that of Gluck, may be superior to that of Mendelssohn; or, to come to the point, what do we really know about Greek music, apart from some suggested formula? Time and place and measure on the present occasion were unpropitious to all this; and Mr. Parry had to deal with an unconvinced and unconvincing remnant. Time, at all events, however, will doubtless enlighten us. At this concert Miss A. Ehrenberg, a new vocalist from our Royal Academy of Music, made an agreeable impression in songs by Weber and George F. Bennett (the other vocalist being Signor Foli); the overture was Schumann's melancholy *Genoveva*; and to crown all, the concerto was Beethoven's No. 3 (in C minor), splendidly played, alike for technique and expression, by Madame Montigny Rémaury, acknowledged by Parisians as their supreme "Lady of the Keys."

The first concert of the series announced by Mr. Willing and his choir, the preliminaries of which have been stated, came off well, and thoroughly justified the choice of Sir George Macfarren's *King David* on the important occasion. About the oratorio itself there is nothing new to say, unless it be that certain well-weighed curtailments have enhanced its effect, both as a whole and in parts. The great passages remain as before, more than confirming the very general opinion that the work is in all respects calculated to elevate the English school of sacred music to the highest dignity, and enable it to hold its own against any antagonism, no matter whence proceeding. Regarded altogether, indeed, the execution can only be spoken of in terms of praise. There were difficulties not easy to surmount in such an elaborate composition, with a new conductor, and mostly new singers, to say nothing of the comparative merits of the Leeds chorus and orchestra, with that of others, at various epochs, likely to follow in their wake. Mr. Willing, however, surmounted the difficulties with apparent ease. In short, he gave *King David* in such a manner as the composer himself, who was called for and loudly cheered at the end, must have inwardly praised as well as outwardly acknowledged. Mr. Willing's "principals" were Miss Anna Williams, who has already been heard in the part at St. James's Hall, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. W. Shakespeare and F. King, who, eschewing comparisons, were quite equal to their tasks, Mr. Shakespeare especially distinguishing himself. Mr. Willing, moreover, is a fully competent conductor, and in Mr. A. T. Eyre, as organist, had selected the right man for the right place.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, the now everywhere celebrated pianist, gave the first of his two "Recitals" at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. The programme, among other exhibitions of his talent, set forth his remarkable versatility. Of course there was plenty and to spare of Chopin and Henselt, whose music he

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gives in such perfection, and in a style so essentially his own; and these shone conspicuously, and charmed as much as ever. But now he ventured upon other ground, including in his scheme not only Brahms and Schumann, but also Philip Emanuel Bach ("old Bach's" second son), Mozart, and Beethoven. This was most welcome, and may lead to further good things to come. Excerpts from Rubinstein, Lamberg, and even Liszt, only served to vary and enliven the entertainment. Without going into detail, we may in particular refer to one single *morceau*. This was announced in the bills as "Leideritz—Nocturne," a piece not composed by, but "dedicated to," M. de Pachmann, who, in return for the compliments bestowed upon it, brought forward the real composer, whose name not being printed, it is not our duty to reveal, but to whom the greetings of such an artist as M. de Pachmann were perhaps even as pleasant as those of an enthusiastic audience. The whole Recital was an immense success.

WAIF.—The death of the great Italian dramatic singer, Signor Mario, which is announced to have occurred on the evening of the 11th inst., cannot pass with a mere word of record. We shall, therefore, return to the subject.



THE DEAN OF WORCESTER, Lord High Almoner to the Queen, has appointed the Rev. R. A. Eyton, Curate in Charge, to be Sub-Almoner, in succession to the Rev. R. D. Davidson, now Dean of Windsor.

AN AUTHORITATIVE CONTRADICTION has been given to the statement that the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. M. Fowler, a Curate of the Vicar of Kensington, to be his Domestic Chaplain, in succession to the Rev. W. A. Moberly.

THE GOVERNMENT, it is reported, intend to introduce next Session a Bill for the Restoration and Reconstruction of an Independent Bishopric of Bristol. Should it be passed, with an assurance that effect is to be given to it, the necessary endowment, it is added, will be forthcoming.

IN A MEMORIAL to the Archbishop of Canterbury from a number of Church dignitaries and clergymen, headed by the Dean of Canterbury, they express their conviction that the adoption of the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissioners would tend to promote the peace and well-being of the Church.

ON A FAREWELL VISIT to Worcester, Dr. Barry, the Bishop Designate of Sydney, with Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General of New South Wales, and Sir Henry Parkes, were entertained at luncheon by the Chamber of Commerce of that town, of the cathedral of which Dr. Barry was for ten years Canon. Sir Saul Samuel said that though there is no Established Church in New South Wales, the Church of England is the predominating Communion, and, as its Bishop, Dr. Barry would exercise an important influence.

IN SPITE OF THE FRENCH raid on Madagascar, Protestant services and mission work seem to be proceeding as before. Invited by Bishop Kestell-Cornish, in the name of the young Queen, the Prime Minister has taken part in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new cathedral.

THE ACTIVITY of the Church in East London of late years is indicated by a few striking facts and figures culled from the report of the East London Church Fund. For the Rural Deanery of Stepney, with a population of 350,000, mostly belonging to the poorest classes, twenty new churches have been provided during the last quarter of a century. During the last twelve years the number of clergy has been raised from sixty to one hundred, and for every hundred candidates for Confirmation nine years ago there are now 246, although during the period the increase in the population has been only at the rate of 42 per cent.

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE has preached a fervid sermon on the disgraceful condition of the homes of the London poor. With a view to their improvement he strongly recommends the creation of a London Municipality which would co-operate with the State for that object, and he went the length of advocating State provision of labour for the unemployed, the cultivation of all waste lands for the people, and State assistance for co-operative production.

ONE OF THE RESULTS of the Evangelistic Mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Wandsworth has been a movement to establish a permanent hall for Undenominational services in that suburb. £100,000 will be required, and 3,000 have been already promised.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOGEY

I do not in the slightest degree deny the soft impeachment—I own to it. I am as much frightened at it as anybody, and have spent money in exorcising the grim spectre, whose home is in our drains; but what I wish to point out is, that in the good old times of our fathers, grandfathers, and their progenitors, people never heard of that domestic bogey, Sewer Gas—the invisible demon said to slay so many thousands per annum. People's nostrils have had the same sensitiveness, no doubt, from the earliest stages of development, and even the most savage could distinguish between a good and a bad smell; but it is only of late years, consequent upon science lectures and medico's dicta, that we have taken to talking about sewer gas. When George III. was King, and while his sons sat upon the throne, there was a well-known household smell that came from the basement, and this was always spoken of by a figure of speech as "the kitchen sink." There were people who spoke of it as "the drains," and said that it was a sign of thunder; but for the most part the Household Bogey was known as "the kitchen sink," and while owning that it was unpleasant, people were so far from being afraid of it that it was allowed to roam the house undeterred, and the most that was done was to set little playful traps to catch it as it came up the sink-hole,—at least the trap, or metal cup, was there ready for setting, though Cook invariably made a rule of leaving it out of place. There were diseases in those days as there are now, but bronchitis was almost an unwhispered word—certainly it was not what it is now, a household word, and diphtheria had not been born. In place of these ills people had violent colds, and had sore throats, with a form that attacked children, known as croup. I may be wrong, for I confess to being a very ignorant man, but it seems that when people lived in a delightful state of carelessness regarding drains and drainage, they, as a rule, enjoyed as great an immunity from disease or a greater than they do now, when incessant efforts are being made to get rid of sewage, when its gas is supposed to haunt the houses we live in; and the most finished efforts of the last generation adequately to drain our houses are now voted incomplete and obsolete, unless the drain-pipes are cut off and allowed to communicate with the open air. I might here make allusions to the healthy state of the robust, sturdy men whom we see going down through the iron trap-doors into the main sewers, to remove refuse, and also of those whose fate it is to work at the great pumping stations—men who fear no sewer gas, save that which is combustible and liable to explode if brought into contact with a light, but I forbear; for, although appearances may be against me, this is not a dissertation upon that

Household Bogey, sewer gas, but upon that other terror of our homes, the British workman—at the same time it is *à propos* of drains.

I am sorry to hurt this individual's feelings, but he has so frequently lacerated mine that a little retaliation only seems to come natural, and before going further I should like to ask whether, in addition to trades' unionism, there exists a kind of Freemasonry amongst workmen, by which every member of the brotherhood is sworn to help his fellow by providing him with work? I have never heard of such a compact, but I am quite sure that it exists, and will tell you why.

It was my fate some little time back to hire a house whose landlord undertook to place it in good habitable and decorative repair for my reception. It was comparatively new, and, as in the best-built houses, shrinkage and the weather had developed a few little failing places; tiles were cracked, and the wet had come through a ceiling. These little matters had to be seen to along with divers other trifles, and the painters and paperhangings were set to work.

In due time I took possession, to find that the outer painting had been done by a different party of men to those who executed the inner painting, and that those who had painted the outside of the windows had kindly disfigured the fresh inner painting by leaving me as mementoes impressions of the size of their boots. The failing spots in the roof had been carefully mended, for there were the new tiles; but one water-spout had been damaged badly with a ladder as a set-off, and with the first rain great patches of wet with the following mould appeared over one window, the water dropped through the ceiling in a fresh place, and the same element formed upon the virgin white a delicate design in dark clouds over an attic wall. All new failings these, which had not existed before, and to repair which more ladders had to be erected, and repairs neatly executed, only to show damages in a fresh place.

Now I feel convinced that some one who reads will immediately begin thinking about patching old bottles with new leather, but I beg to say that the bottle in this case was not old, and that if the damage was not wilfully done, the accidental damage was strange.

"If you please 'm, there's something wrong with the kidgin chimbley, and Cook can't get the fire to draw."

The result of this announcement was a visit to the "kidgin" by deputy—female—and then in person, where there was a choking, blinding smoke, through which Cook could be seen with a broad band of smut across her classic features, her clean print dress and cap covered with blacks, and a look of bewilderment on her countenance, as she stood beside the patient kitchener, brush in one hand, an iron scraper in the other. There were preparations for cooking upon the table, vegetables, trussed chickens, &c., &c., all well peppered with flakes of soot, and a general aspect of black and bleariness discomfort everywhere, while the murky vapour was invading the rest of the house.

My deputy—female—gazed at me with that plaintive look of helpless misery that some British householders may have seen upon the countenance of the wife of their bosom, while Cook and Mary, with a kind of adoration of which I felt at the moment proud, gazed at me as people do at a doctor in some case of emergency when he first steps into the room.

"Why, she has not pulled out the dampers!" I exclaimed, pettishly, and hurrying through the choking mirk, I seized the handle of a damper, over the should-have-been hot-plate, and dragged it out.

Rumble—bumble; bumble—bumble—bang!

"Please, sir; it keeps on a-doing that," said Cook, as I started back.

"Why, there's something wrong in the flues!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; and the fire won't burn a bit."

Now, of course, the proper thing would have been to send for the sweep; but it was Sunday morning, and if ever a sweep does wash and put on clean garments that would be the time. In the second place, no one knew where the sweep lived, for he had not as yet brought that card of his to hang up conspicuously in the kitchen "against fire." Moreover, from the days of Mr. Briggs downwards, your British householder has a natural itching for trying to do things—little things—himself, and he begins by taking out say a nail, and finding himself led on till he is in the middle of a big job. This was exactly my case here. It was not a dignified proceeding, but *que vouliez vous* when the glowing heart of your household, that circulator of life through your home, threatens to strike entirely; in other words, when your kitchen fire refuses to burn? I began then by taking out the iron panel in the back of the kitchener in order to removelsumps of soot, but I found instead, as soon as I began fishing, great pieces of mortar, half bricks, quarter bricks, angular pieces of brick, and rounded pieces of brick, brick shards, mortar shards, a whole mass of rubbish with which the stove flues were completely filled, and which, with the accompanying soot, filled a couple of scuttles. To get at these the remaining fire had to be raked out, and the heat cooled down, while, when I had ended, I would not that my dearest friend had seen me then with my features blackened, the skin off my bare arm, and the fair white linen garment in which I was clothed most horribly besmirched.

And how came all that brick and mortar rubbish there? is asked. Simply enough. The Household Bogey had been at work outside, where a studio had been added to the dwelling, and when he cut out brickwork to key in the new building, and put in iron ties to support the roof, the rubbish fell—somewhere. It wasn't his business to see where it went. His work was to cut through with a cold chisel and a hammer. I do not wish that man any harm beyond desiring that at the time the cold chisel had been hot, so that he might have burned his fingers as I did mine. He had done his job in accordance with his Freemasonry plan of making another job for some one else, but in this case it fell to the lot of the wrong some one else.

And is this all? Oh, dear no! There is no end to this all: it is too comprehensive. The rain came down heavily, and upon descending to breakfast a few mornings later, it was to find a very black fire, with a great deal of smoke, and a neat little black puddle beneath the fire-box, into which drops fell and increased its size, while what fire there was hissed angrily at being made up with dripping knobs of coal.

"Don't say anything, dear; the girls are doing their best. The coal-cellars are flooded, and the inner cellar too."

But I did say something. They told me the place was properly drained, and here was water running through, perhaps charged with sewage water; and doctors' bills, fever, diphtheria, and other horrors began to loom up before my eyes.

"Well, let's have breakfast," I exclaimed by way of epilogue.

"Yes, dear, as soon as the kettle boils. Poor Cook can hardly get any coals."

Fact. "Poor Cook," on being interviewed, was found standing in the middle of the Black Sea, upon a very wobbly box turned upside down, holding her drapery tightly round her form with one hand, while she fished with the kitchen tongs, or dredged with a shovel in more than eighteen inches of water for pieces of coal.

The Household Bogey was sent for, and he said the drains were all right, and that it was the soakage from the soil; but I would not believe him, for, as a rule, if there is one thing this demon can do neatly and well it is lying. So, other influence being brought to bear, there was digging and delving, and uncovering of gas-pipe, water-pipe, stack-pipe, drain-pipe, and tobacco-pipe, which last was lit a good many times before the job was done. I was assured that there was nothing wrong, or, if there was, it was a stoppage in a trap from a collection of dead leaves from the roof, and so long canes of the kind known as rattan, or, more properly, rotan, familiar to our hands and shoulders in boyhood's happy days, were poked down,

and wriggled and wagged; and then, when a fresh shower came, more water poured in through the bricks, and into the cellar. More digging, more delving, and then, when a low enough level had been reached, the mischief was discovered—only a mere trifles, of course, and it was explained to me by the bricklayer, who looked up at me from the trench where he was at work, like a modern edition of the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* without the wit, for, said he:—

"Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good. If the man goes to this water —"

No; I am not quite right. He said—let me see—what was it he said? Something about the water. Ah! I remember now.

"Here's where the water gets in, sir. It streams in through the jyntes of the bricks."

"And why does it in this fashion?" I reasonably asked.

"Because the drain-pipe's smashed, sir. They must have done it when they was putting in the gas."

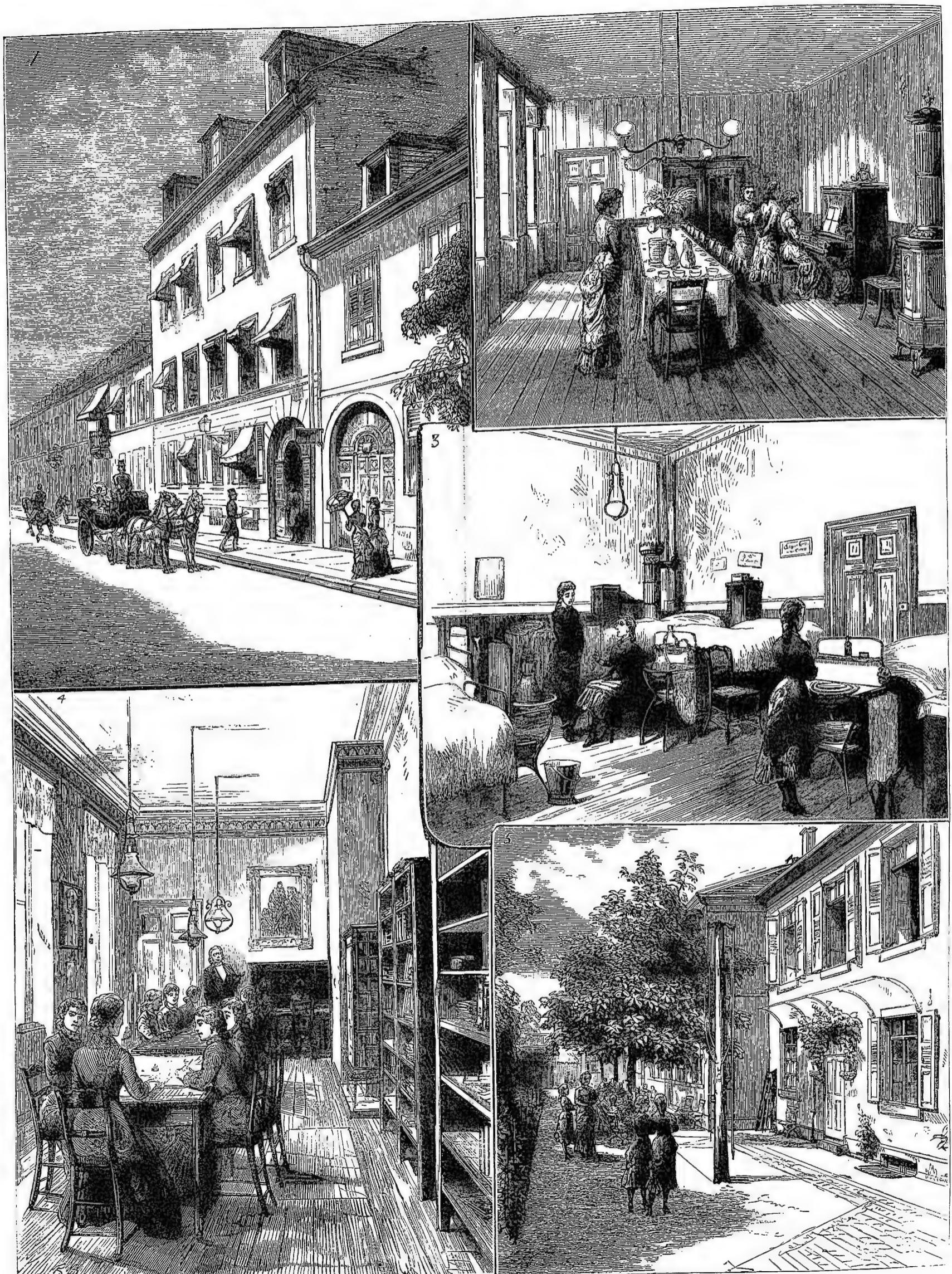
Say I not well that our friend the British workman is a Household Bogey, and one as dangerous as Sewer Gas?

G. M. F.



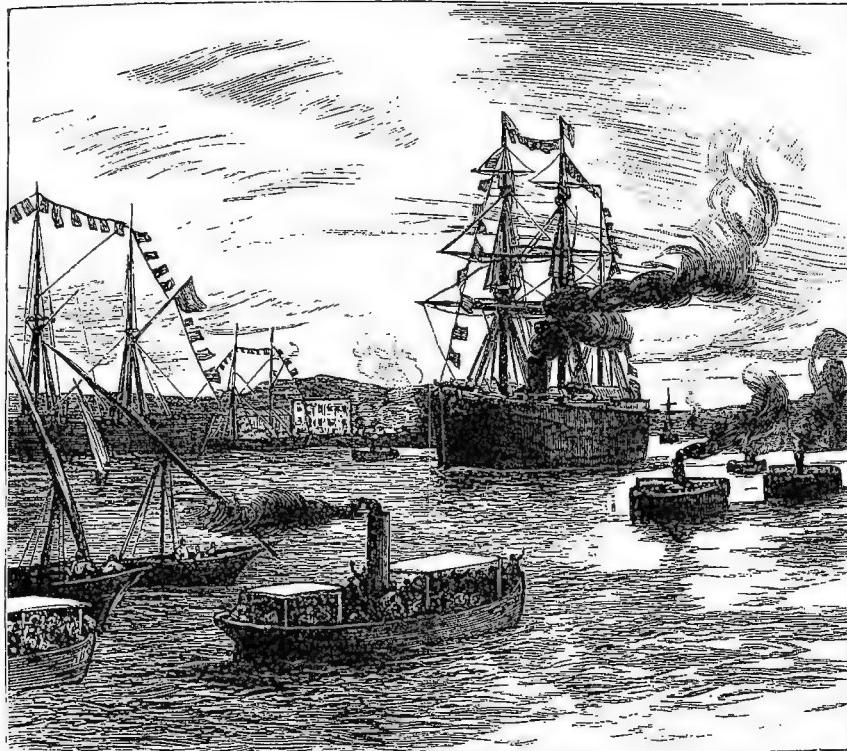
CYNICAL observers of the tendencies of the modern drama can hardly have failed to draw inferences of an unflattering kind from the circumstance that the numerous published criticisms upon the new play at the PRINCESS'S, highly favourable as they are, give almost without exception the foremost place to the beauties of the scenery and the wonders of the startling effects arranged between the scenic artists and the stage carpenters. To tell the truth, *Claudian* is not in itself a drama of sufficient power to gain the sympathies of the spectator without such extraneous aid. Its prologue, in which we see the profligate nobleman, Claudian Andiates, condemned to wander, after the fashion of Ahasuerus, in penance for his crime in slaying a Christian saint who had stood in the way of his unholy enterprises, is, it is true, terse and dramatic; but the three acts which follow move languidly, and exhibit little in action which stirs the pulse or enchains the attention. As in the case of Mr. Wills's *Vanderdecken*, the story of which is almost identical in all essential features, the doomed hero wandering on from century to century, under the weight of the terrible curse with which he is visited, proves to be a rather wearisome personage. Mr. Wilson Barrett's handsome person and noble bearing are undoubtedly striking, and his delivery of Mr. Wills's lines (Mr. Wills's fellow-labourer, Mr. Herman, we may here observe, lays claim only to the plot and construction) has a fine sonorous ring about it, which strikes the imagination. The actor's elocution, however, is certainly rather level; and this is felt all the more from the fact that Mr. Wills has *more suo* provided his hero with an unconscionable number of speeches. The orations in which *Claudian* takes farewell of the world in the last act were, indeed, tedious enough to have provoked a perilous remonstrance from the audience, if the singular beauty of the scenery, and the enthusiasm which had been stirred by the strikingly-picturesque incident of the earthquake immediately before it, had not brought the house to an indulgent mood. The failure of the story to please was doubtless inevitable from its very nature. A hero whose function it is to move about through scene after scene, blighting the destinies of all with whom he comes in contact, must perforce be a doleful and a monotonous creature. On the other hand, how is it possible to excite much feeling, either one way or the other, for a numerous list of *dramatis personae*, whose chief business it is—not excepting the heroine herself, who is represented by that popular actress, Miss Eastlake—to appear and be blighted by this mysterious stranger? Possibly a sense of the hopelessness of attempting to make these people interesting may explain the curiously unfortunate distribution of parts. Anyway, the character which Mr. Barrett plays seems to have been the only prominent one which has been deemed worthy of consideration. In one instance a long speech, designed presumptively to impress and prepare the minds of the audience for the terrors of the earthquake, and all their mystic significance in connection with the curse of "the holy Clement," was entrusted to a young lady whose style of utterance exhibited nearly every conceivable vice of elocution. Some discontent was audible, and, indeed, loudly expressed at this point; and even hisses greeted the attempts of that excellent actor, Mr. George Barrett, in the character of a Greek peasant, to give effect to certain Cockney humours, which were probably introduced in the hope of relieving the pervading gloom, but which, as a fact, only struck the listeners as disagreeably out of keeping with the imaginative character of the story. But, as we have said, Mr. Barrett's picturesque presence and the splendid succession of pictures, due to the efforts of Messrs. Walter Hann and Stafford Hall, seconded by the skilful stage management, fairly retrieved every shortcoming, and the curtain fell upon what appeared to be an assured success. That the play is entitled to indulgent consideration, as an attempt to lift the imagination above the prosaic realism which very lately was almost supreme upon our stage, no friend of the drama will deny; but some recent observations on this point tempt us to observe that a play is not necessarily meritorious because its scene is laid in a remote time, or because its personages are in the main unlike common everyday folk. If it were otherwise, the late Mr. Fitzball's absurd Assyrian melodramas must take higher rank than Mr. Robertson's *Caste* or Mr. Albery's *Two Roses*. *Claudian* does not, it is true, deal with the slums of Wapping, or exhibit a murder in Hatton Garden. Yet, as a dramatic work, it is really vastly inferior to Messrs. Jones and Herman's play, *The Silver King*, which it has just displaced on the boards of the same theatre.

Never perhaps have the playgoing public been so much at variance with the critics as in the case of the young American actress now performing at the LYCEUM Theatre. There is no denying the fact that Miss Anderson is, to use a popular expression, "the rage," but it is equally certain that she owes this position in very slight degree to the published accounts of her acting. From the first she has been received, with few exceptions, only in a coldly critical spirit; and yet her reputation has gone on gathering in strength till now the Lyceum is crowded nightly with fashionable folk whose carriages block the way; and those who would secure places to witness her performances are met at the box offices with the information that all seats have been taken long in advance. How are we to account for the fact that this young lady, who came but the other day among us a stranger, even her name being scarcely known, and who still refrains from those "bold advertisements" which in the case of so many other managers and performers usurp the functions of the trumpet of fame, has made her way in a few short months only to the very highest place in the estimation of our playgoing public? We can see no possible explanation save the simple one that her acting affords pleasure in a high degree; for those who insinuate that her beauty alone is the attraction may easily be answered by reference to numerous actresses of unquestionable personal attractions who have failed to arouse anything approaching to the same degree of interest. As regards the unfavourable critics we are inclined to think that they have been unable to shake off the associations of the essentially artificial characters—Parthenia and

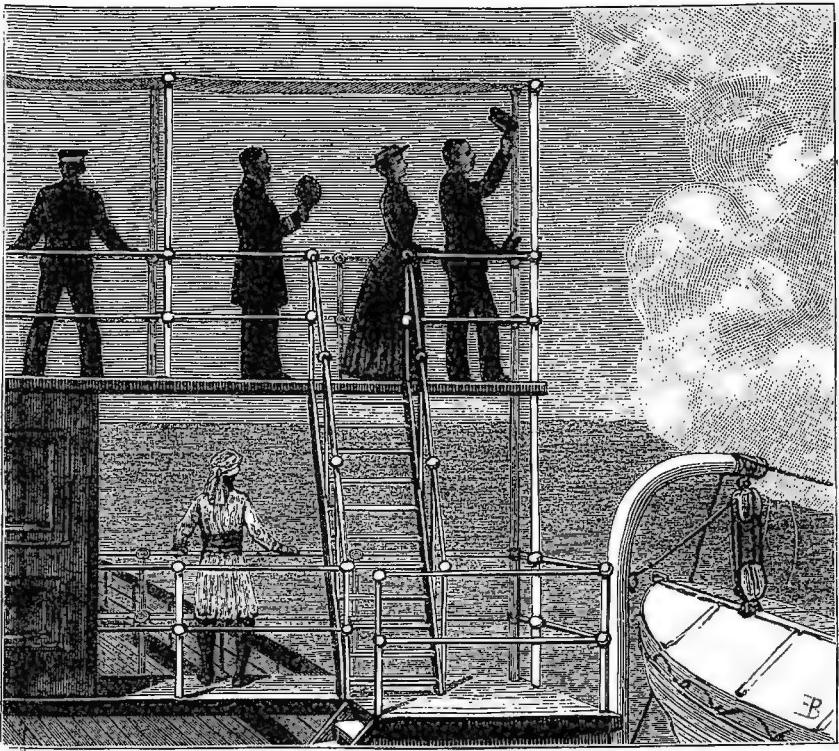


1. The Exterior of the Victoria School.—2. The Dining Room.—3. Dormitory.—4. A School Room.—5. The Garden.

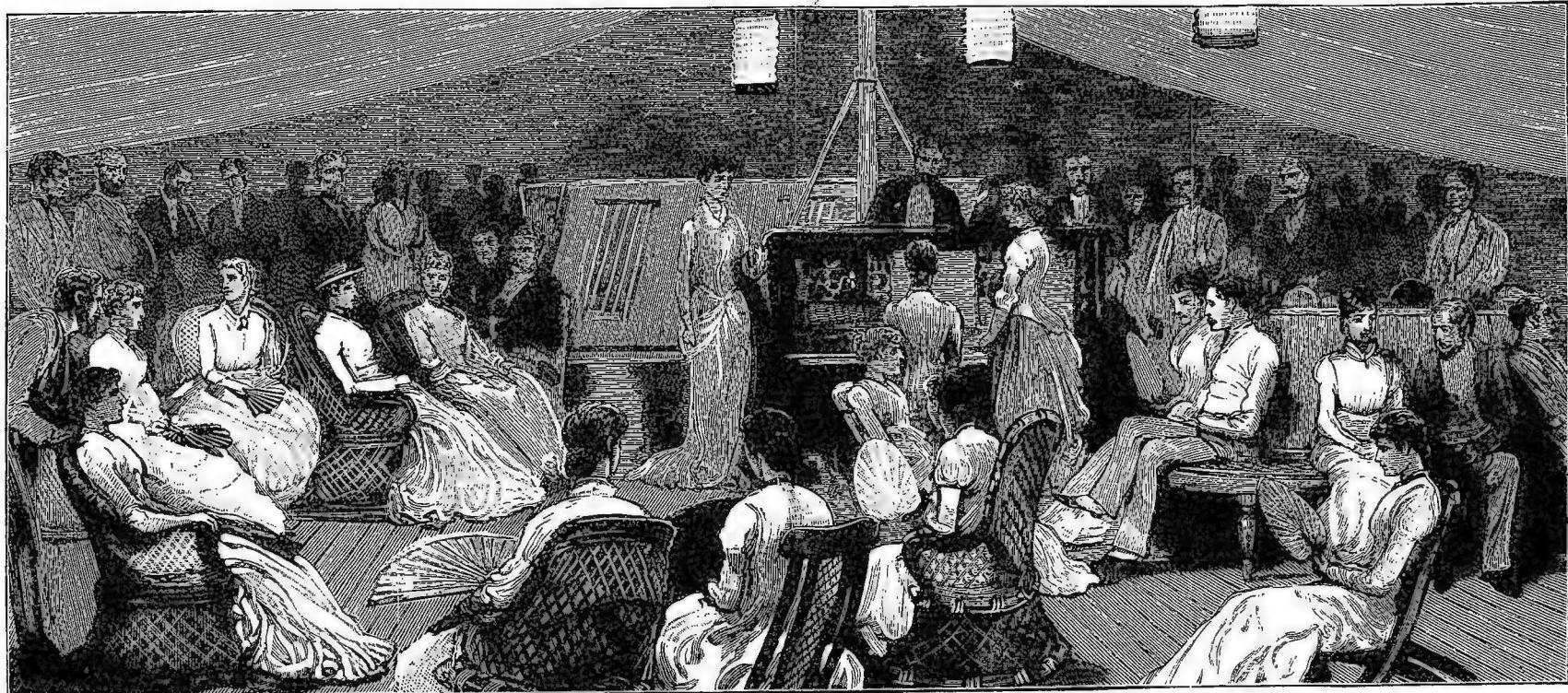
THE VICTORIA SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, CARLSRUHE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF H.R.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN



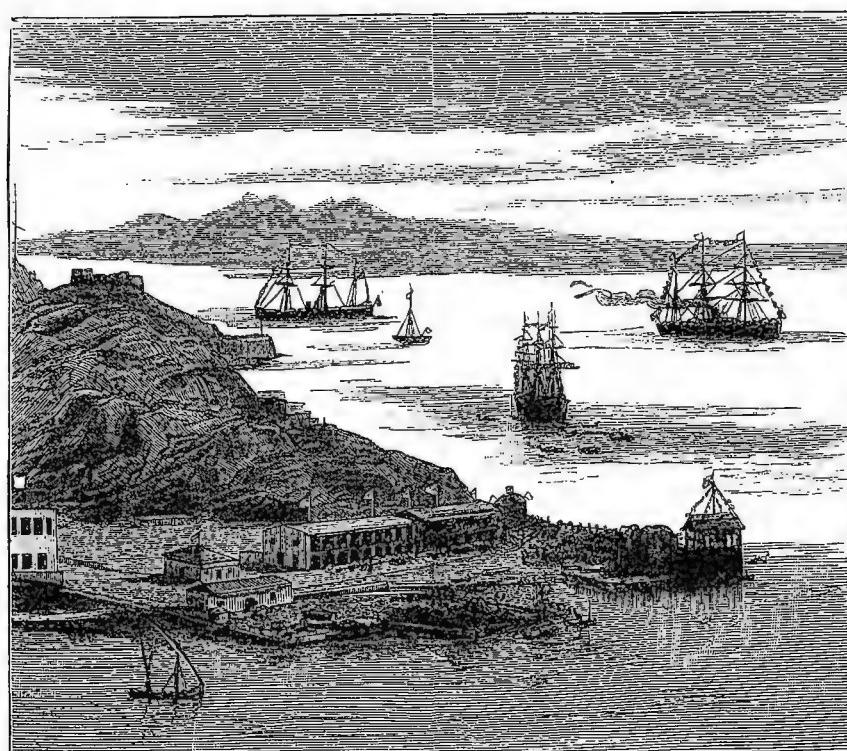
THE "CATHAY" ARRIVING AT SUEZ



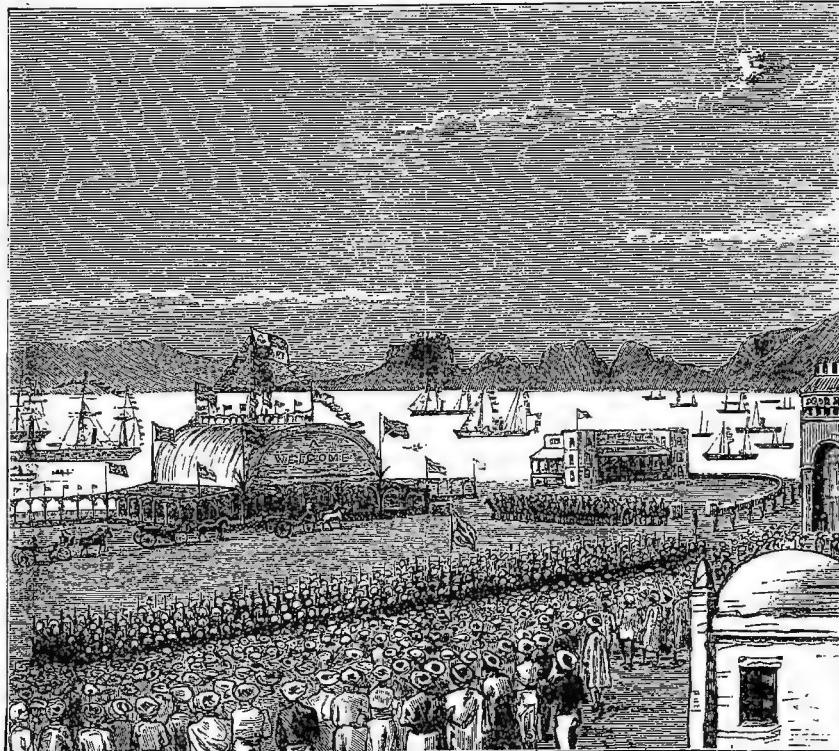
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "CATHAY" WHILE ENTERING THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAID



A MUSICAL EVENING ON BOARD THE "CATHAY" IN THE RED SEA



THE "CATHAY" ENTERING ADEN HARBOUR



RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT ADEN

THE VOYAGE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO INDIA ON BOARD THE
P. & O. MAIL STEAMER "CATHAY"

Pauline—in which Miss Anderson has unfortunately chosen to appear. Further complaints of artificiality and coldness have, it is true, been put forth *d'après* of her first appearance on Saturday evening in Mr. Gilbert's beautiful mythological comedy of *Pygmalion and Galatea*; but protests are beginning to appear in some quarters, and we are much mistaken if this graceful and accomplished actress is not destined yet to win the favour of her censors. The statuesque beauty of her appearance, and the classic grace of all her movements and attitudes as the Greek statue suddenly endowed with life, have received general recognition; but not less remarkable were the simplicity, the tenderness, and, on due occasion, the passionate impulse of her acting, though the impersonation is no doubt in the chastened classical vein. It is difficult to imagine how a realisation of Mr. Gilbert's conception could be made more perfect.

The return to town of that great favourite of the public, Mr. Edward Terry, has brought about a complete change in the playbill of the GAIETY, albeit the present performances are destined to be changed again when Mr. Burnand's Christmas piece, *Camaralzaman*, is ready for the entertainment of holiday audiences. Mr. Byron's *Young Fra Diavolo*, in which Mr. Terry reappeared on Monday evening, is already familiar. Mr. Pinero's farcical comedy, *The Rocket*, on the other hand, which was played on the same occasion, is new, at least to London audiences. It is a work of little merit, save in so far as it permits Mr. Terry, in a character describing himself as "the Chevalier Walkinshaw," to depict a swindler whose meanness, cowardice, and dishonesty are relieved by so large an amount of humorous eccentricity that nobody can for a moment take his offences seriously, or begrudge him the lightness of the punishment which follows upon the last of his ludicrous embarrassments. If Mr. Pinero's object was to make folk laugh then nothing can be more brilliant than his success; but it must be confessed that the repeated roars must in the greater part be credited to the humorous talents of the actor. The revived burlesque, in which Mr. Terry, Miss E. Farren, and other popular members of the company appear, is one of the merriest and brightest of Mr. Byron's efforts in this way.

Mr. Toole's return to his head-quarters in King William Street, after a prolonged and widely-popular tour in the country, brought to his elegant little theatre on Saturday evening a crowded and a friendly audience. For the present the programme presents nothing more novel than *Artful Cards* and *Stage Dora*, in both which pieces this immensely popular comedian appears as heretofore. Between the two plays Mr. Toole appeared before the curtain and delivered a characteristically humorous address.

The rehearsals of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera at the SAVOY were commenced this week. Miss Lilian Russell, the young American mezzo-soprano—a new engagement—plays the Princess Ida, Mr. George Grossmith King Gamma, and Mr. Rutland Barrington King Hildebrand. Miss Barnett has no part. Other characters will be assigned to Messrs. Bracey, Lely, Riley, and Warwick Grey, and Miss Brandram, Miss Jessie Bond, and Miss Leonora Braham. It is semi-officially stated that the costumes will be magnificent even beyond anything yet seen at the Savoy.

The production of O'Keefe's *Wild Oats* at the STRAND has been followed by a revival of a somewhat maimed version of *Twelfth Night*, which, however, is only played on Saturday afternoons. In this Mr. Edward Compton enacts the part of Malvolio, one of his late father's remembered impersonations.

Comedy and Tragedy is the name of the one-act pathetic drama, written by Mr. Gilbert for Miss Anderson. It will be produced about the 15th of January, and will be played as the introductory piece of the programme conjointly with *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

The NOVELTY Theatre in Great Queen Street has passed into the hands of Miss Nelly Harris, who will open it at Christmas.

Young Folks' Ways, at the ST. JAMES'S, has not proved a success. It will give way on Thursday next to a revival of *The Scrap of Paper*.

Sir Percy Shelley has determined to sell his amateur theatre at Chelsea, which has involved him in so much unpleasant litigation.

Mrs. Conover's management of the OLYMPIC has not begun well. The *Spider's Web* has quickly, although not too quickly, been withdrawn. A revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Mr. Anson as Tony Lumpkin, now takes its place. On Boxing Day the Surrey melodrama of *The Crimes of Paris* will be reproduced here, with all its elaborate scenery and stage carpentry.

Winter as well as summer seasons of French plays are in contemplation. Messrs. Hollingshead and Mayer have taken the ROYALTY for the former, and will open the little house from October to March next. Madame Sarah Bernhardt and other eminent French performers will appear at the GAIETY in the summer as heretofore.

Signer Salvini is coming again to London. He will make his appearance at COVENT GARDEN about the middle of February.

Miss Florence St. John is to play Nell Gwynne in M. Planquette's new opera, which will be produced at the AVENUE Theatre in January.

The late ALCAZAR Theatre in Holborn is shortly to reopen under the name of "The International." The new manager is Miss Dinorben, who will produce here a new play called *Mi-pah*.

A new romantic drama has been produced at SADLER'S WELLS, with the title of *The Tinsel Queen*.

It is reported that a daughter of Mr. Sims Reeves is about to make her appearance on the stage.

winning bracket in the Elmbridge Hurdle Race. Valjean won the Ladies' Plate on the flat, and established his reputation as one of our best animals over the sticks in the Tally-Ho Hunters' Hurdle Race. The Sandown Steeple, "Great" by name, but "little" indeed on Saturday last, was represented by only two starters, and Mohican, with 5 to 1 on him, easily defeated Schoolgirl. We shall probably hear of the winner again in connection with the Grand National.—All frequenters of Sandown will be glad to hear that the bullet, which was lodged in Mr. Hwfa Williams' leg by the erratic revolverist in Pall Mall, has been at last extracted, and that he is progressing as well as can be expected.—It may almost be said that there is no favourite for next year's Derby, the bookmakers being ready with 10 to 1 against anything, a very unusual thing at the close of the flat-racing season.—The Chester Town Council have determined to apply for powers to enclose the Roodee, and make the old tryst a gate-money meeting.

COURSES.—We must wait till after Christmas for stirring events with the long-tails. There has been a little wagering for the Waterloo Cup, for which Mr. Miller's nomination as favourite has been backed at 18 to 1. Taking the coursing of this season alone, his stud dog, Misterton, has kept up his reputation as the most successful of modern canine sires.—The death is announced of the Earl of Craven, a great patron of coursing.

FOOTBALL.—Plenty of good and exciting matches have been played in all parts of the Kingdom since our last notes. Oxford has beaten Cambridge in their annual Rugby match for the third year in succession.—The Clapham Rovers, once almost invincible, seem to have been going down hill the last few seasons, and have been beaten by the Pilgrims by five goals to love.—The Association match between Lancashire and London seems likely to be made annual. It was played on Monday last at Blackburn, in presence of some 3,000 spectators, and ended in a hollow victory for the county by eight goals to one.—For the London Association Club, the Mosquitoes, Old Foresters, Hotspur, Upton Park, St. Bartholomew's, Clapham Rovers, Barnes, and Old Etonians are left in for the fourth round.—Blackheath and Richmond, two of our strongest Rugby Clubs, have met, and so determined was the struggle between Greek and Greek in the Old Deer Park that only one try each was scored.—Among inter-county matches Cumberland has beaten Durham.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another walking match for three hours, between J. W. Raby and A. Hancock, at Lillie Bridge, created some interest, and showed that Raby is at the head of his profession. He took the lead at 10 miles, and Hancock retired at 17½ miles. Raby was allowed to stop at 18½ miles, which distance he completed in 2 hours 39 min. 27 sec.

LACROSSE.—The Royal Naval College seems likely to be a good nursery for players at this game, having beaten the second team of London by two games to none, and made a draw with the second of Clapton. Hampstead has also taken the field for the first time, and acquitted itself fairly, though beaten by the second London.

AQUATICS.—The University Trial Eights have been decided. The Oxford contest was decided at Mousford, on Monday last, when Curry's crew won a most exciting race by only eight feet. Both Curry and Unwin, the stroke of the losing crew, are capital men in their places. The Cambridge race was rowed on Wednesday over what is known as the Adelaide Course at Ely, and was won by Bristow's crew. It is thought that there will be four places to fill up in the Dark Blue boat for Putney; and already there has been an expression of opinion that the prospects of Cambridge look the brighter of the two.



IN ACCORDANCE WITH proposals made to them by the Lord Chancellor, the Council of Judges of the Supreme Court have agreed to the curtailment of the Long Vacation by at least fourteen full days.

IN THE MATTER of the custody of the youthful Marquis of Blandford, previously referred to in this column, Sir James Hannen has decided that he shall remain in the care of his grandmother, the widow of the late Duke of Marlborough, but spend a portion of his holidays with his mother, formerly Marchioness of Blandford.

BARONESS BURDETT COURTS has written an impressive letter on the inadequacy of the existing law to prevent the ill-treatment of children by their parents. Whatever the criminality of parents towards their children, the latter cannot be permanently transferred to better guardianship without having committed some breach of the law. Lady Burdett Coutts cites a shocking case of a step-father's maltreatment of a little girl, who could not have been rescued from the evil influences of home had she not committed some trifling offence, and thus enabled a magistrate to send her back to the reformatory whence she had been removed by her step-father after his discharge from prison.

AT THE HEARING of Mr. Bradlaugh's action against the Sergeant-at-Arms for expelling him from the House of Commons, Lord Coleridge allowed it to be understood that in the opinion of the Judges Sir William Gosset as obeying an order of the House of Commons was justified in the expulsion. As, however, the case was an important one, a written judgment would be given.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION the Metropolitan Board of Works, appealing from a decision of the magistrates, has been defeated in its attempt to limit the right of cricket playing on Hampstead Heath to certain areas defined by its own bye-laws.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN COMPANY have abandoned, after nearly five years' litigation, their opposition to the claim for compensation made by Mrs. Smitherman for the loss of her husband, who was killed while crossing their line on the Boxing Day of 1878. Litigation has been proceeding almost ever since, and the public have subscribed to enable the widow to maintain the unequal contest. There have been two trials of the case and two appeals to the House of Lords, which had directed a third trial, now unnecessary, since, reserving the question of costs, the Company have agreed to pay Mrs. Smitherman the 700^l. awarded her at the second trial.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION the proprietor of the *World* is to receive sentence for the libel in that journal for which Lord Lonsdale brought a criminal information against him. He will then be allowed to go before a Court of Error, and ask that the proceedings should be quashed on his original plea that the *flat* of

the Public Prosecutor, which in his case was not given, is necessary before a criminal information for libel can be brought.

SECRETARIES OF BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES ought to be careful, when forming engagements, to have a distinct understanding as to whether their salaries include or not payment for literary work on behalf of the objects which they are employed to promote. The Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society brought an action against its Committee for contributions to its organ, the *Zoophilist*, the defendants pleading that payment for them was included in his annual salary of 250^l. Ultimately the plea was withdrawn, but that the case should have gone into Court is a warning both to Committees and Secretaries of Societies which support special organs.

A SUMMONS FOR LIBEL against the registered proprietor of an evening paper is pending under very singular circumstances. It had published a Central News telegram from Vienna, charging Mr. Colledge, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Kertch, with having been at the head of an association of so-called "Kertch Pirates," whose *modus operandi* was to place on board of vessels coming from Constantinople pilots, who then sank them, or ran them ashore, and pillaged the cargoes. The summons was at the instance of the Public Prosecutor, and Mr. Colledge, who has been suspended from his office, and is in this country, pending an inquiry into his conduct, was examined in support of it, and denied all the charges in the telegram. The cross-examination of the witness was conducted with a view to make it appear that Mr. Colledge had absconded from Kertch to avoid inquiry and trial, and that he remained in this country after having been ordered to return to Russia and meet the charges brought against him. A further hearing was adjourned for a week.

AN APPLICATION having been made for a new trial, on the ground of excessive damages in the breach of promise case, Miller *versus* Joy. It was refused, Mr. Justice Day giving as a reason that the defendant had aggravated his misconduct to the plaintiff by wanton and cruel attacks upon her character, made only to protect his purse.

ON SUCCESSIVE RE-EXAMINATIONS OF WOLFF AND EDWARD BONDURAND, charged with the unlawful possession of explosives at Westminster, evidence was given by a foreigner, Kuhnborn, alias Ferrall, that he had been hired to buy gunpowder by Wolff, who told him that it was to be used to produce an explosion at the German Embassy, with the object of giving information to the police and claiming a reward. A police inspector gave evidence that before his arrest Wolff had furnished him with some vague information respecting a plot of foreign Socialists and Nihilists to blow up the German Embassy. The prisoners were again remanded.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL will shortly be completely pierced, should no unforeseen accident occur, as at the beginning of this week only 194 yards remained to be driven through to connect the two borings. The works proceed day and night, Sunday excepted, and some forty yards, on an average, are pierced weekly.

THE MODEL OF A LARGE EQUESTRIAN STATUE will shortly be placed on Blackfriars Bridge to try the effect of the proposed groups of statuary on the four pedestals of the bridge. The statue is copied from one in the Crystal Palace, and will only be placed as a test, not to indicate the subject of the definitive groups.

THE INTERRUPTION OF TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION between China and Europe is often due to the mischief of Celestial fishermen or pirates, according to the *Japan Weekly Mail*. These thieves cut the cables to sell the copper and steel wires, and from the mode of their proceedings it is evident that there is a well-planned and skilful organisation to execute the robbery, to break the wire into suitable lengths, and to establish regular markets for the sale.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.—The Field Lane Refuge and Ragged Schools, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., plead for help to continue their charitable programme. Last year they gave 14,629 nights' lodgings to the homeless and deserving poor, maintained and trained 100 boys in the Industrial School and 113 girls for service, provided 26,000 Sunday breakfasts to outcasts at the Ragged Church, and gave a Christmas dinner to 750 destitute persons and 480 poor families. Three thousand pounds must be raised by March 31st, if similar work is to be carried out, and contributions may be sent to the Secretary at the Refuge, or to the Treasurer, W. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.

A CAPITAL MAP OF THE NILE DELTA has been published by Mr. Stanford. It embraces the great district from the Equatorial Lakes to the Mediterranean, including the Egyptian Soudan and Abyssinia. This Map shows the approaches to Khartoum by the Red Sea routes and by the Nile routes. It extends also to Mtsa's residence in Uganda, now connected by the Church Missionary Society with Zanzibar on the East Coast, and includes the great bend of the Congo, or Livingstone River, where the stations of the African International Association form a connecting link with the West Coast. The British possessions at Aden and Perim, guarding the entrance of the Red Sea, the French station at Obok in the Bay of Tajurrah, and the Italian settlement at Asab Bay are also indicated.—We have also received from Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. a "War Map of Egypt, including the Soudan and Abyssinia," with an enlarged map of the Nile Delta. To any one wishing to follow the course of events in the Soudan both of these Maps would be most valuable.

DIARIES AND CHRISTMAS CARDS.—We have to acknowledge a parcel of excellent business diaries and pocket-books from Messrs. T. J. Smith and Co. They are of all sizes, varying from a convenient pocket-diary to a huge office volume wherein a host of engagements may be recorded. We have also received the "Freemason's Pocket-Book" (*Freemason Office*), highly useful to members of the mystic craft, and the "Professional Pocket-Book" from Rudall Carte and Co. The latter is published under the immediate direction of Sir Julius Benedict, and contains much information interesting to musical people.—Messrs. Hudson and Kearns have forwarded some specimens of their diaries and Date Indicating Diary Blotting Pads. One of the latter, No. 8, is particularly noticeable, being made of the finest stout blotting paper, and with a most useful block of plain paper on the right hand side. Another, No. 4, is in the form of a portfolio, and when closed an elastic band holds loose papers, &c., very securely. Amongst the diaries are some especially prepared for architects, builders, and surveyors.—Messrs. Duncan Campbell and Son, of Glasgow, also send a useful selection of diaries, pocket-books, and Office Tablet Diaries.—Messrs. Sydney J. Saunders and Co. have sent us some tastefully designed Christmas and New Year's Cards, and we have also received a packet from Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co., many of whose photographic reproductions of flowers and of sea scenes are charming. Their animal cards are also quaint and well executed.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CATASTROPHE COMES

As I was on my way upstairs to dress for dinner, I was interrupted by Cooper, who addressed me with that disquieting phrase, familiar to most people, "If you please, sir, could I speak to you a moment?" I guessed at once what it was that he had to say, and as soon as I had gone down to the dining-room with him, and he had shut the door with an air of tragic mystery, he justified my forebodings.

"I hope you'll excuse my mentioning it, sir; but are we to supply Mrs. Le Marchant with brandy in her bedroom?"

"Has Mr. Harry given any orders upon the subject?" I inquired; for I was unwilling to make damaging admissions, if they could be avoided.

"No direct orders, sir; but about a week ago brandy was asked for, and Mr. Harry sent the bottle down again immediately. So just now, when it was wanted again, Mrs. Peters she thought she had better take it up herself."

Here Cooper came to a full stop, cleared his voice, stood on one leg, and looked discreetly embarrassed.

"Well," I said, "Peters took up the brandy, and what then?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters poured out a half a wine-glass and was leaving the room, taking the bottle with her, you understand, sir; but Mrs. Le Marchant she says, 'Put down that bottle dreckly!'"

"Yes; go on," said I; for Cooper had once more paused in his narrative.

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters felt it her duty to remonstrate; and then Mrs. Harry she turns and flies at her hawful, and frightens her so she comes running down to the housekeeper's room and has had a bad turn of palpitations. She tells me she never hear such language."

Blended with Cooper's assumption of respectful concern there was a perceptible leaven of curiosity, which I determined not to gratify, I observed that Peters, though doubtless animated by the best intentions, seemed to have been guilty of an impertinence which any lady would have resented, and added that I believed Mrs. Le Marchant was not feeling very well. "Did Peters—ahem!—leave the bottle behind her?" I inquired, rather marring the effect of my rebuke by this injudicious question.

"I am sorry to say that she did, sir," replied Cooper. "I ask her how she come to be so foolish; but she said that she was that upset she didn't know whether she was standing on her head or her heels."

I could but trust that Paulina might not experience the same sensation before the evening was over. "Very well, Cooper," I said; "that will do. It's—it's all right."

"I hope I have not done wrong in mentioning of it to you, sir."

"Not at all; but you needn't mention it to any one else, you know."

Cooper replied in an injured tone that he should not dream of doing so; and I went upstairs with such confidence in his assurances

as I could muster, but with a dreadful conviction that the storm was about to burst.

On entering the drawing-room a quarter of an hour later, I found my uncle, Mrs. Farquhar, and the General conversing together upon public affairs with a studied politeness and mutual deference which convinced me that they, too, were alive to the perils of the situation; and an unmistakable expression of relief appeared upon the countenances of all three of them when Harry came in with the announcement that his wife had a bad headache which would prevent her from joining us at dinner. This, so far as it went, was good news; but I felt that we were not out of the wood yet. I took Harry aside, and hastily informed him of what I had heard from Cooper; whereat he whistled, and, after hesitating for a moment, left the room. When he reappeared, it was with a quiet smile upon his face.

"The deed is done," he took occasion to whisper to me. "I got her to turn her back for an instant, collared the decanter, and bolted, locking the door on the outside. She'll screech and kick like mad when she finds herself a prisoner; but mercifully nobody can hear her at this distance, and she hasn't had enough liquor to make her desperate. Very likely she may sober down now."

One could only hope so; but a vision of Paulina thundering with feet and fists upon the panels of her door remained with me throughout dinner, and caused me extreme discomfort.

For the rest we got on more harmoniously than we had done the night before. Mrs. Farquhar showed a conciliatory disposition; Harry was quiet and unobtrusive; and the General, who looked, and no doubt was, very well pleased with the turn matters had taken, enlivened us by choice samples of autobiography. As for my uncle, he spoke little until Jimmy came into dessert, and sat down beside him, when he roused himself from his abstraction.

And then, while we were lulled thus into a false security, the thunderbolt fell. The door facing me was opened slowly from without; Paulina, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, strode in like the ghost of Banquo, and advancing with deliberate steps to her husband's side, stood and glared down upon him.

"So," said she, "you'll lock me into my room, will you? You'll keep me without food or drink for fear of me telling too much, will you? Ah, you're a clever one! But next time you try that little game on, don't leave the key in the lock. Why, you silly fool, what had I to do but to ring the bell? I did ring the bell—and here I am, you see," she added, nodding at him.

Perhaps, like many other nervous people, Harry recovered his sangfroid in moments of emergency; or perhaps it was the calmness of despair that he had arrived at. "It was an unlucky oversight," he said, "and I owe every one an apology. I ought, of course, to have put the key in my pocket; but one can't think of everything. I suppose it would be quite useless for me to suggest, Paulina, that we should go upstairs and fight it out in private; yet I will request you to bear in mind that I strongly recommend that course, because, if you don't adopt it, you will repent bitterly as soon as you come to your senses, you know."

Paulina snorted. "Much obliged to you; but I won't go upstairs yet—not just yet. I've something to say before I go. And I've got all my senses about me; you took good care of that. Oh, you are a mean toad!" she exclaimed suddenly, the memory of her wrongs coming upon her, I suppose, with irresistible force. "I'll teach you to play me such tricks!"

"I was cruel only to be kind," said Harry, who positively seemed to be rather enjoying the scene.

I myself was too horrorstruck to take much notice of the fact that Cooper and his subordinates were looking on with open eyes and mouths; but my uncle had kept his presence of mind. "You can go now, Cooper," he said; "and take Master Jimmy with you. Jimmy, my boy, run away and tell Mrs. Peters to give you some dessert."

Jimmy did not wait to be told a second time. He slipped off his chair and made for the door with great rapidity, followed by the reluctant Cooper. Doubtless he had seen more than one outbreak of hostilities between his father and mother, and was aware that in the sequel the rights of neutrals were apt to be disregarded.

When he was gone, Paulina resumed her denunciation. "Now, you know what I am. I've put up with a deal from you, and I've done a deal for you—and got more kicks than halfpence for my pains, too! But when I say I'll pay you out, you know I'll do it; and I'm going to tell your good friends here a thing or two that'll make them think rather different of you to what they have done—that's what I'm going to do!" At this juncture the General jumped up with great alacrity and offered Paulina a chair. "Pray sit down," said he politely; "we are all attention."

"Thank you, old gentleman," answered Paulina; "but I'd as soon stand. I ain't going to be here long."

It was now Mrs. Farquhar's turn to intervene. She rose, and advanced with trembling outstretched hands, saying, "My dear, my dear, don't speak so! Come up with me and lie down upon your bed. You're just overwrought."

"Get away, will you!" returned the ungrateful Paulina, with a sweeping backhander. "I have had enough of you and your wheedling ways. I tell you my blood's up, and you'd best keep out of reach of my arm."

Mrs. Farquhar retreated to her chair and began to cry feebly. My uncle, with his elbow on the table and his chin supported by the palm of his hand, was gazing at his son and daughter-in-law with a certain grave curiosity. The General had poured himself out a glass of claret, and was sipping it meditatively, while he tried, without much success, to compose his features into an expression of fitting solemnity.

"Now, listen all of you," Paulina began, speaking with a quick, broken utterance; "and you, Charley, pay attention to this, because it concerns you. I suppose, when this precious fellow turned up in Germany, you thought it was an accident. No such thing! He went out there on purpose to meet you, and see if he couldn't get you into trouble with your uncle some way, so as to step into your shoes."

THE GRAPHIC

"I am unwilling to interrupt," put in Harry blandly, "but I feel bound to say that that is utterly untrue."

Paulina diedained to notice him. "He didn't have much difficulty about it neither. As soon as he found out that you was carrying on with that Lady What's-her-name he begun to see his way. It was easy enough to flatter you up and lead you on, and it didn't need a conjuror to guess that your uncle might threaten to cut you off with a shilling sooner than you should marry a woman who'd ruin you in a couple of years. You ask your uncle whether he didn't get warnings of what was going on about that time from some kind friend."

"Anonymous letters," said my uncle, "are always doubtful weapons to use. They are especially so when the source from which they come is obvious."

"I never wrote any," returned Harry, sullenly.

"No; that you didn't," Paulina went on. "You're telling the truth there, for once, because you made me write 'em for you. Oh, you're artful, you are! You didn't think you was going to gain much by them letters. No! your game was to get a will made with your name in it—just as a matter of form, and by way of stopping the marriage. Your game was to make your father cut up rough with Charley, and swear that he'd leave the estate away from him, if ever that marriage took place. Your game was to frighten the old woman there by telling her the property was in danger, and to work it all through her. And when you'd told lies enough to get Charley to marry on the sly, you didn't mean that that will should be burnt. You knew the sort of man your father was, didn't you? Recollect what you told me about him one day! Says you, 'He's such a pig-headed old devil that, if he'd given his word to eat his hat unless he was obeyed, he'd sit down and eat it as soon as ever the time came due.' Those was your very words; deny 'em if you can!"

"If you have done," said Harry, "you may as well go back to your room. No one is likely to believe your preposterous story, and no one, I am afraid, can doubt that you are under the influence of liquor."

"Maybe I am," returned Paulina. "Maybe I shouldn't have plucked up the spirit to stand up here and say what I have, without I'd had a glass or two of brandy. But I've got my senses, for all that, and I've told the truth too. And if I do drink," she went on, with a sudden change of tone, "if I'm a drunkard—as I am, God forgive me!—whose fault is it? Who taught me to drink? Who drove me to it? Who made my life so miserable that I should have gone and drowned myself times out of mind, if I hadn't known of a way to forget it all? Ah!" she exclaimed, turning away from her husband, and spreading out her hands with something of pathetic eloquence, "I'd have been an honest woman, if he'd have let me. I tried to keep straight and to keep him straight; I loved him better than my own soul; but he soon tired of me. All he wanted me for was to do his dirty work. He taught me to lie and cheat, and—and—then I lost heart and took to my bottle. After all, it's the best friend I've found in this wretched world. If he had gone on caring for me—" She broke off with a sort of sob, and then resumed defiantly—"But it's too late now, and I don't care! Drink and forget it—that's my motto."

Mrs. Farquhar came out from behind her pocket-handkerchief to say solemnly, "It is never too late to repent. Pray that your sin may be forgiven you, and—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Paulina contemptuously, "don't you preach! Why, you're committing miserable little sins every hour of the day, and think yourself a saint all the time! Come! I'm on honester than you are, anyway. Do you think I haven't prayed on my bended knees to be delivered from this curse?—ah! and read my Bible morning and evening too. Much you know about temptation! You haven't so much as found out what it is. Why? Because you never tried to fight it. Harry, there, he don't believe in God nor Devil; but I do; and I say the Devil's got a firm hold of us both."

"This is dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Farquhar.

Paulina burst out laughing. "Well," she said, "I've paid you out now, Harry, like I told you I would. I don't suppose they'll let you stop on here after this; and I believe you are better out of it. Charley, you've been a good friend to us, and I'm sorry I had to deceive you that day at Richmond; but it hasn't made much odds, has it? Good-bye, everybody; don't break your hearts when I'm gone." And, with a mocking curtesy, Paulina retired.

The door closed behind her, and for a short space none of us spoke. I don't know how the others were feeling; but my own sensation was one of relief, not unmixed with surprise. The scene had been painful enough—half tragedy, half farce, like nearly all the saddest things in life—but it had passed off with more decorum than I had dared to hope for. We had at least been spared a downright brawl, and if poor Paulina had been—as she had declared herself to be—under the influence of liquor, she had not been sufficiently so as to justify the picture of her in that state drawn by her husband. Of her revelations I did not at that first moment think much, being only too thankful that she had confined her onslaught to words.

After a time, Mrs. Farquhar, murmuring something inaudible, hurried out of the room. Then my uncle got up, and, bending over the General's chair, whispered a few words to him: upon which they, too, silently withdrew. Harry and I were thus left in sole possession of the field, and it became necessary that one or other of us should speak. He it was who broke the silence presently, in a steady, though somewhat hoarse voice.

"I suppose you believe that cock-and-bull story."

I glanced across the table at him; but his lowered eyes refused to meet mine. His face, colourless as usual, betrayed no emotion; only the hand with which he was stroking his moustache trembled slightly.

"Yes," I answered; "I believe it."

"Nevertheless," remarked Harry, "the evidence of a tipsy woman ought not to be considered conclusive, and the story in itself seems rather far-fetched. Taking it for granted that I wished to stand in your shoes, you are asked to believe that, instead of profiting by your own readiness to help me, I fell back upon a very dubious sort of plot, which might have been discovered at any moment, and was sure to be discovered in the long run. The thing does not sound probable."

"I don't know that it matters much whether it is probable or improbable," I said. "The question is whether it occurred."

"Apparently there is no question about that in your mind. Well; you are quite right. I have lost the game, and I don't mind your seeing my hand. I did fully intend to do all that Paulina said. I thought that Lady Constance, who is fearfully hard up, and who, I believe, has a real weakness for you, might be induced to marry you under the rose, if I could persuade her that my father would certainly provide you with a sufficient income as soon as the marriage was an accomplished fact. I thought, too, that he would do a great deal to prevent that marriage, and that a will naming me as his heir would strike him in the light of a telling move. His obstinacy would probably prevent him from destroying it when once it was made. It was chance-work, of course; but it seemed just worth while to make the attempt—especially as I knew that you had strengthened your position by your ridiculous efforts to gain a pardon for me. As it happened, you know, I was not called upon to go on with the thing; but I still think that it might have succeeded."

The cool impudence of the man fairly astounded me, and deprived me, for the moment, of the use of my tongue.

"Do you mean me to understand," I exclaimed indignantly at last. "that all your protestations of gratitude and affection, and I

don't know what else, were so many lies? Your preferring trickery to plain dealing I don't so much wonder at, since it seems that you have an invincible love for that sort of thing; but I can't for the life of me see why you should have made all that pretence of friendship."

"Well, if I hadn't, I should have had no opportunity of getting you and Lady Constance married, you know," answered Harry, with perfect composure.

I was half inclined to walk round the table and give him the thrashing he deserved; but I perceived that, under all the circumstances, such a course was scarcely practicable; so I contented myself with saying: "You are far and away the greatest scoundrel I ever saw or heard of."

Harry laughed a little. "Quite so," he said. "And afterwards? I told you, when we first met, that I was a scoundrel. By the way, what Paulina said about my going to Germany on purpose to look you up was nonsense. It is true that I knew you were at Franzens-höhe, and having to go there upon business of my own, I thought it might be as well to make your acquaintance, with a view to getting a rather larger allowance out of my father, if it could be managed. I had no idea of supplanting you at that time. Come, Charley," he added, in a slightly altered tone, "I am not altogether as black, nor as good an actor, as I have made myself out. I did feel grateful to you for taking me up; I was even grateful to you for asking my father to throw you over and put me in your place;—though, between ourselves, that was rather a cheap piece of generosity; for you can't have been quite so simple as to suppose that he would take you at your word. Still I give you credit for a certain degree of sincerity. And from the first I always had, and I have still, a real liking for you."

"And yet," I remarked, "you would have married me to Lady Constance to serve your own ends, although you knew you would be condemning us to what you, at all events, would consider a life of poverty and misery."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I assure you I deplored the necessity," answered he.

What was one to say to such a man as this? His exaggerated cynicism might perhaps be the expression of a remnant of self-respect; but it certainly was not calculated to arouse pity or sympathy. Reproaches would be out of place; forgiveness was hardly within the compass of my powers. I could only wish that he would see the propriety of bringing our interview to a close.

"I wonder what the General is about!" I sighed, after a long silence.

"Dear me! don't you know?" said Harry. "He is closeted with my father somewhere, holding a council of war and urging the expediency of prompt and vigorous action. He will come in here presently, you'll see, to tell me that the up-express leaves at 11.15 to-morrow morning. I only trust he won't add that my allowance is to be reduced; but I have my fears."

Whatever the General's errand might prove to be, I wished he would make haste about acquitting himself of it; but I wished in vain. Harry and I sat looking at one another until at last we were obliged in self-defence to begin exchanging desultory remarks. It was past ten o'clock when the General came in with a grave and perturbed face.

"My brother has sent me to make a proposition to you," he said to Harry. "I don't approve of it myself; but I can't get him to see the matter as I do, and I am to lay his suggestion before you. I suppose you will be prepared to hear that he has given up all idea of leaving Thirlby to you."

Harry nodded.

"And also that he thinks it would be for everybody's comfort that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Certainly," answered Harry. "It only remains for us to take ourselves off the first thing in the morning, and never be heard of again."

"I should say so," agreed the General. "To my mind, that would be beyond all comparison the most satisfactory wind-up of the business. But Bernard, unfortunately, holds a rather different opinion. He doesn't consider himself justified in visiting the sins of the father upon the child: therefore he proposes, with your consent, to adopt the child; but only upon the distinct understanding that you resign all rights, present and future, over him, and that he becomes, as it were, my brother's son instead of yours."

"And suppose I decline this offer?" said Harry.

"Well; if you decline," answered the General, brightening visibly, "the property goes to Charley; and, though the boy might come down here upon a visit every now and then, he would inherit nothing at my brother's death beyond the reversion of the sum which you have to expect. This appears to me to be in every way the most proper and suitable arrangement."

"Ah?" said Harry; "but you see, I don't think I shall decline. If I agree to this, may I ask whether Jimmy would be allowed to come and see me, and if so, how often in the year?"

"He would not be allowed to see you at all," replied the General curtly. "In fact, from the moment that you signed the agreement, you and his mother would cease to exist, so far as he was concerned."

Harry flushed slightly. "Hard terms!—devilish hard terms!" he muttered.

"I dare say. I am not called upon to give an opinion as to that. You must judge for yourself whether you are entitled to expect easy terms, and also whether it would be for your son's advantage or not to be removed from his parents. There's the offer—you can take it or leave it."

Harry pushed back his chair, sprang to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room with quick, irregular steps. Presently he paused beside the table, his face convulsed with a curious smile.

"It's a refined revenge!" said he.

"Not at all," returned the General; "it's an attempt to do justice, which you are not bound to take advantage of. Though I imagine that you will," he added, with a sigh.

"Damn it all, sir!" broke out Harry fiercely, "do you suppose that, because I am this, that, and t'other, I have ceased to be a human being? Does a man become blind when he loses his hearing, or deaf when he loses his sight?"

"All this is quite beside the mark," answered the General coldly; though he looked a little shamefaced, I thought. "It was my brother's wish that I should put the two alternatives before you, and I have done so. All I have to add is that there can be no compromise."

"Then tell him that I accept his infernal offer!" cried Harry. "He knows, and so do you, that I can't refuse. The boy is all I have to care for in the world, and I care for him enough to let him go. His mother will be glad to get rid of him, and he'll soon forget us both, I dare say. I am sorry for Charley, who is left out in the cold; but I am a great deal more sorry for myself. However, there's not much good in talking. Go and tell him that I accept."

The General bowed. "I have drawn up a draft agreement for your signature," he said. "Perhaps you will come with me into the study and put your name to it. If a more formal document is required, the lawyers will see to that in a day or two; though I doubt whether any legal contract could be made in such a matter."

"Thank you, I'll sign here," answered Harry. "I don't want to see my father any more as long as I live."

The General bowed again. "There is no necessity for your meeting that I am aware of," he said. "I will go and fetch the paper."

"I wish to God I had never come near this cursed place!"

exclaimed Harry, as soon as he was gone. "You may say that it serves me right, and perhaps it does; but that's cold comfort."

It was so obviously to my interest that he should not sign that I hesitated to influence him in a contrary sense; yet I thought that I might point out to him that he was acting rather precipitately. "Ought you not to consult your wife before you make up your mind?" I asked.

"Paulina won't care a snap," he replied; "you know that well enough. As for me, I shouldn't change my mind if I had a year to think things over in. All that I have done has been for Jimmy's sake, not for my own. I didn't want to be Squire of Thirlby—in fact, if I had got the place, I should never have lived here. But I did want him to have it; and of course it is a thousand times better for him to be taken away from us. A drunken mother isn't a very edifying spectacle for boy; nor am I exactly a model father, perhaps. I'll be shot if I'm not a more natural one than my own father, though!" he added.

The General came back, bearing a half sheet of foolscap and a pen, which he handed to Harry. "I am to tell you," said he, "that you can take a couple of days for consideration, if you choose."

Harry seized the pen, and scrawled his name at the foot of the agreement, without deigning to reply. Then he tossed the paper over to the General, saying, "There!—when you give that to my father, you may tell him that he can draw comparisons between me and himself at his leisure. We have both of us discarded an only son; but he kicked his out of doors because he hated him, whereas I have renounced mine because I love him. Sounds odd, doesn't it?—considering what a very good and virtuous man he is, and what an unmitigated ruffian I am. Perhaps his books of philosophy may help him to solve the problem."

The General, who had assumed a demeanour of cold inflexibility, only replied: "I am not here to undertake my brother's defence; but I think that you are forgetting that you gave him very good reasons for drumming you out in the first instance, and that, since you have been here this time, you have lost no opportunity of convincing him that he was right."

"Right?—oh, to be sure, he was right," returned Harry, with a laugh. "He has always been right; and that, I suppose, is why he finds it difficult to make the smallest allowance for people who are occasionally wrong. He is quite right, for instance, in removing an innocent child from the contagion of bad example. And yet, such is my ingratitude and perversity that, so far from admiring him for this last performance of his, I consider it to be, upon the whole, about the most cold-blooded piece of malignity I ever heard of."

And, without bidding either of us good-night, Harry turned on his heel, and left the room.

"This is rough on you, Charley," remarked the General, ruefully.

"Oh, I don't think so," said I; "but it has rather taken my breath away, I confess. Do you think I might go in and see my uncle?"

"Well, not to-night, if you don't mind. He said he should like to talk to you to-morrow. He is a good bit shaken, I expect; though you wouldn't suppose it from his manner. Between you and me, Charley," the General went on confidentially, "Bernard is a most extraordinary fellow. Adopting the boy was all very well. I am sorry he should have thought it his duty to do so; still I am not surprised. But forbidding him ever to see his parents again—by George, you know, it's a strongish measure!"

I certainly thought it was.

"Well, well," said the General, picking up the paper from the table where Harry had flung it down, and moving towards the door, "I'm sorry for that poor devil, little as I like him. And, what's more, I believe Bernard is sorry for him too. But the odd thing about Bernard is that his feelings don't seem to influence him in the smallest degree, one way or the other. I call that a little bit unnatural, you know."

(To be continued)

NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO.—One of the marked successes of the Leeds Festival, 1883, was a cantata by Alfred Cellier on Gray's "Elegy." The music was duly and favourably reviewed in our columns at the time of its production. Berthold Tours has arranged the "Elegy" with pianoforte accompaniments. No doubt choral societies will gladly avail themselves of it in this form, and it will take its place amongst other standard works of a like description.—It is not often that we receive so ample a budget of vocal music from this firm as is now before us. From Michael Watson come two charming songs, "Somebody's Pride," the touching words by Stanley Bolton, and "Swinging," a merry little song written by B. P. Neuman. The music and words are well suited one to the other. Both these songs are published in two keys, D and F.—Messrs. F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy have written and composed a new series of songs after Hans Andersen; "What the Moon Saw" is the collective title. No. 1, "The Old Maid," is a pathetic tale of this much-belied class of society. No. 2, "The Puppet Showman," is of the same sad type, but replete with real sentiment; both are of medium compass.—Two songs of more than ordinary merit, words by A. L., music by Caroline Lowthian, are "Gates of the West," a tale of a blind girl, published in D and in F; and "In April," a fanciful little ballad for the drawing-room.—There is true pathos in "Johnnie Darling," a mother's address to her boy; the words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by A. H. Behrend.—Of the same type is "God's Angel," written and composed by Enderssohn and W. F. Taylor. There is a more tragical ring in the latter than in the former.—Two pretty love songs for a soprano are "So Sweet a Story," written and composed by Cotsford Dick, and "Linked Together," for which Cotsford Dick has supplied the words and Berthold Tours the music.—A song of a pathetic character is "Where Memory Dwells," the words by Clifton Bingham, music by Isidore de Lara; it is suitable for a mezzo-soprano.—The same remarks apply to "Waiting Patiently," written and composed by Frank Tannehill, jun., and Christien Krause.—Most of our readers are acquainted with P. Bucalossi's elegant waltz, "Mia Cara." Osborne Williams has written a ballad, "Later On," and adapted it to this pretty melody with fair success.—Three useful pianoforte pieces for the schoolroom, by Edwin Shute, are Nos. I. and II. of "Minuet," from "March" and "Tarentelle," and No. II. of "Minuet" from "Suite in G."—Those of our readers who like the somewhat obsolete fantasia opera, by Boyton Smith; both are arranged as solos and duets.—Showy and brilliant is "Thérèse," an impromptu by J. Whewall Bowling.—The prettiest piece we have come across for some time is "Berceuse" in A, by Georges Delbrick; the only fault to be found with it is its brevity.—"Chappell's Christmas Number of New and Popular Music" is of average merit; the spirited "Rip Van Winkle Lancers," by Charles d'Albert, are sufficient in themselves to sell the number, but besides them there are five sets of waltzes, three polkas, and a set of quadrilles, all more or less popular and well-known; what more could be asked for by a reasonable player?—The Fontainebleau Valse," by H. R. H. the Duke of Albany, will be one of the favourite waltzes of the season, not only on account of its Royal author, but for its merit as a well-written specimen of dance music.—"The P. and O. Polka," by F. Bucalossi, is a tuneful dance-provoking composition, and merits a good place in a ball programme.—"La Princesse des Canaries Quadrilles," from Ch. Lecoco's opera bouffe, arranged by Charles Coote, are better suited to a military band than to the pianoforte.



THE warmest admirer of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson would probably find it difficult to say what precise quality in his writings it is which gives them such keen and peculiar pleasure. It is not only his perfect mastery of style,—a mastery which entitles Mr. Stevenson almost alone among living writers to be called classic,—it is something more than his unique imaginative power. These are things one can name; but in their combination something further suggests itself to the mind, something for which it would almost appear criticism has yet to find a name. There is no need to inquire why, after giving us such a rare piece of fiction as "The New Arabian Nights," Mr. Stevenson should choose to present us with a story for boys. It seems whimsical; but it would be grudging to resent an apparent decline in choice of subject when the story for boys is such a one as "Treasure Island" (Cassell and Co., Limited). It is a tale, says Mr. Stevenson, in his introductory stanzas "To the Hesitating Purchaser," of "storm and adventure, heat and cold, of schooners, islands, and maroons, and buccaneers and buried gold, and all the old romance, retold exactly in the ancient way," and further on he suggests a comparison between himself and "Kingston and Ballantyne the Brave, or Cooper of the Wood and Wave." Needless to say there is no resemblance between Mr. Stevenson and any other boys' writer, and this romance is told in anything but the ancient way. In "Treasure Island" there is combined with an imagination far stronger than that of any of the writers named, a power of expression unique in the literature of our day, and an insight into character, and a capacity to depict it, unsurpassed, and almost unsurpassable. This was a bold experiment, this resuscitation of tales of buried treasure in the Spanish Main, the mutiny, the buccaneer, the stockade, and the miraculous boy who does everything and always succeeds. Yet under Mr. Stevenson's masterly touch everything becomes new. We can think of no other writer who possesses such an extraordinary power of filling the reader with a sense of coming danger. As in "The Pavilion on the Links" the air seemed thick with Italians, so in the opening of "Treasure Island" it seems thick with buccaneers. Iew, the horrible blind man, whose stick came tap-tapping along the frosty road; Billy Bones, the captain "who blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared"; Ben Gunn, the marooned sailor, whose heart was "sore for Christian diet," who many a long night on his lonely island "dreamed of cheese—toasted mostly—and woke up again;" and Long John Silver, the wooden-legged miscreant, "his eye," at certain times, "a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass" (an ordinary writer would have said a bead)—these are all creations, living, lying, swearing, murderous miscreants, as different from the sailors of Marryat and Ballantyne as any suit of clothes from a breathing man. There are passages in this romance surpassing in power anything that Mr. Stevenson has yet done; there are characters that deserve to live among literary creations; there are adventures as rapid and breathless as any ever imagined or experienced; for all this we must be thankful. Yet we want no more boys' books from Mr. Stevenson. We want him to employ his unique gifts in the highest department of literature now open to him—contemporary fiction.

Mr. Austin Brereton's long-talked-of Life of Mr. Irving is at last before the public. "Henry Irving: A Biographical Sketch" (David Bogue), is as pleasant a volume as a fastidious reader could wish to handle. It is convenient in size, the paper is good, the type clear, the margin ample. Mr. Brereton has had unusual advantages in compiling his volume; and the result is a solid and respectable piece of work. John Henry Brodribb—such are the real names of the actor who has become famous as Henry Irving—was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on the 6th of February, 1838. He passed his childhood in Cornwall, and in early youth was placed in the office of Messrs. W. Thacker and Co., East India merchants, in Newgate Street. While in the City he nightly attended an elocution class. Between eighteen and nineteen he made his first appearance on the stage. It was the opening night of a new theatre at Sunderland, called the Lyceum, the play was *Richelieu*, then performed for the first time in that town, and young Irving spoke the first words in the play: "Here's to our enterprise!" Mr. Brereton gives a *fac-simile* of the playbill on the occasion, from which it appears that Mr. Irving played a cook in *The Enchanted Lake* and the second officer in the *Lady of Lyons* on the next night! From this point Mr. Brereton follows his hero's successes with the most scrupulous exactitude, giving dates, casts, and all sorts of particulars, significant and insignificant. No doubt we have in this book by far the most authentic and complete account of Mr. Irving yet given to the public, and after reading it it is impossible not to admire the persistence and genius of the actor who from such humble beginnings has won for himself a commanding position in the art and society of to-day. The book is illustrated with sixteen full-page portraits of Mr. Irving in various celebrated parts, and one of Miss Terry. Some of the portraits of Mr. Irving, notably those by Mr. F. Barnard, are very satisfactory; others are almost as bad as such things can be.

Every one who cares about the stage has been reading Mr. William Archer's too strenuously clever but delightful little book on Mr. Irving; a criticism which sums up Mr. Irving's defects and greatness with more fairness and mastery than any other critical study which has appeared since Mr. Irving became a personage in London. As a counterblast to Mr. Archer's brilliant booklet, "An Irvingite" (said by "those who know" to be Mr. Frank Marshall), has issued a brochure, "Henry Irving: Actor and Manager" (George Routledge and Sons), called rather foolishly "a criticism of a critic's criticism." The "Irvingite" shows greater mastery of the cudgel than the rapier, and answers Mr. Archer's dainty stabs with heavy strokes intended to crush and bruise. He calls names and uses personalities, and has since retracted one of his strongest points against Mr. Archer. Now and then he scores a successful hit, and, while always energetic, is sometimes pungent. The people who see nothing wrong in Mr. Irving will find the "Irvingite" a sturdy professor of their creed. Altogether 'tis a pretty quarrel as it stands, and one which should much amuse the light-hearted public.

Certain studies of some eminent English literary women contributed by Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) to the *Cornhill Magazine* well deserve republication as "A Book of Sybils" (Smith, Elder, and Co.). It seems to be the fashion just now for literary women to write about literary women; but there are few, if any, of our living lady writers who can produce work of this kind at all approaching Miss Thackeray's. A sort of dimness has fallen upon the memories of the worthy women about whom Miss Thackeray writes. This impetuous generation knows little about Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Barbauld, though it remembers more of Miss Edgeworth, and still more of Jane Austen, dying early and yet not too early, for she "lived long enough to write six books that were masterpieces in their way—to make the world the happier for her industry." But Mrs. Barbauld and her "Evenings at Home," Mrs. Opie with her beauty, her artless novels, and her vivid French enthusiasms, have passed from the living recollection of the people to the safe keeping of the biographical dictionaries. It is pleasant to have these amiable women recalled to us in so winning a way by Miss Thackeray. Of cold literary criticism there is happily but little in "A Book of Sybils." Miss Thackeray

has interpreted, not criticised; and her biographies delight by their sympathy and warmth, their insight, and their charming feminine touches.

"The Tribes on My Frontier" (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta) is not an ethnological treatise, as its title would seem to imply. It is a pleasantly-written book about the insects and other torments of India, about the ants, rats, mosquitoes, spiders, and other noxious crawling, flying, and creeping things which make Anglo-Indian life unpleasant. Writing, as he does, with the naturalist's knowledge, and with a pleasant vein of humour, "E. H. A." has managed to produce a readable book, which appeals more directly to the interest of Anglo-Indians, but which can be read with pleasure even by those beyond the reach of the tormenting things "E. H. A." describes.

Mr. E. Ernest Bilbrough should have done one of two things; he should have written a plain and straightforward Guide to the Pyrenees without an unnecessary word, or he should have gossiped about the region without attempting to introduce the usual guide-book information. "An illustrated gossiping Guide" is a thing that few people could write well, and in "Twixt France and Spain" (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Bilbrough shows that he is not one of the few. There is much information about the Pyrenean Spas scattered about his pages, but most people will prefer to find this in a guide-book, and not have to quarry it out from a mass of gossip seldom bright, and often a trifle foolish. At the end of the book there are a few pages of really useful information, and the sketches, maps, and panoramas show that the author wished to produce a useful book. If he has but partially succeeded, it is because he was attempting a too-difficult task.

Among minor books, the following are before us:—"Hints in Sickness," by Henry C. Burdett (Kegan Paul and Co.), a useful handbook, containing terms of admission to all hospitals and convalescent institutions; three "Historical Readers" (Blackwood and Sons), graduated for the standards of the New Code, well printed and accurately written; "The Analysis and Adulteration of Foods," Part II., by Dr. James Bell (Chapman and Hall), giving plain analyses of the staple articles of diet, and hints as to the usual means of adulterating them; "The Prince" of Machiavelli (George Routledge and Sons), forming Vol. VI. of "Morley's Universal Library"; "The Triplet of Life" (Hatchards) a quotation book, compiled by Mary F. P. Dunbar, and having three quotations each day for a birth, marriage, and death respectively; and "Every Day in the Country" (Warne and Co.), by Harrison Weir, a little book, with the events in natural history and the growth of flowers, &c., chronicled for each day of the year."

Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Co. have established quite a reputation for their elegantly-illustrated Albums. That for this season, entitled the "Ceramic," will delight the hearts of China-maniacs, inasmuch as it comprises thirteen designs, illustrating the decoration of china, as represented by specimens of that art from Hungary, Rouen, Japan, Sévres, Dresden, Vienna, Arabia, Holland, China, India, Italy, Spain, and England. No less than eighteen successive printings were required to give the various colours with precision, and the result is thoroughly satisfactory to the artistic eye.

The editor of *Vanity Fair* must be perpetually crying out for more celebrities. He would like, if possible, fifty-two a year. But as celebrities are not produced at this rapid rate, he is fain in his "Album" (12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden), which has now reached its fifteenth annual issue, to put up with persons who for the most part are mediocrities. With a few exceptions, the personages of this year's portrait gallery are better known to "society" than to the great outside world. There are some exceptions—Arabi and Tewfik Pasha, to wit; Lady Coutts, Sir John Bennett, Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mr. R. E. Webster. The portrait of Lady Coutts does her decided injustice. The letterpress is in the usual incisive, ironical style.

Messrs. Field and Tuer have published a little book of etiquette and manners, which originally appeared in New York. It is called "Don't." Every sentence begins thus, and it is wonderful what a number of things there are which many of us do and which we ought not to do. Some of the "Don'ts" are hypercritical—as regards napkins, for example, and the manner of addressing young ladies. Englishmen are, as a rule, much less "messy" feeders than Continentals, and, therefore, stand in less need of napkins; and we see no breach of good manners in addressing one of several sisters who are present together, as Miss Jane or Miss Lucy. How else can we indicate the individual to whom we speak? There is some unconscious fun in the book, for example, the English editor's inability to see a joke of Wendell Holmes, but there is nothing so good as the bit which Mrs. Markham quoted from some etiquette book of her generation. "You may wipe your mouth on the table-cloth, but you must not blow your nose in it."

The above firm have also brought out an English translation of "John Bull et Son île," the well-known account of English manners and customs, by "Max O'Rell," which has had such an immense sale in Paris. We wonder that so long a time has been allowed to elapse before doing it into English. In its English dress a good deal of the raciness of the original evaporates, so we advise those who can to read it in French."



In the Reviews the tendency to shorten articles and to give more of them, while it is a boon to the reader, is a grief to the conscientious reviewer—so much has to be merely indicated, so much to be wholly omitted. The *Fortnightly*, for instance, has ten papers, the *National* eleven. In the former Prince Ibrahim Hilmy lays a heavy indictment against his brother Tewfik. It was he who deliberately crushed the National feeling which their father Ismail had nursed. It was he who saddled Egypt with a blood-sucking horde of European bailiffs. One must perhaps discount "An Exile's Ideas," but the Prince is at one with Mr. Wallace in asserting that Egyptian nationalism was neither a fiction nor a dream, and he is quite right in urging that foreign residents should share with the natives the burden of taxation.—Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Fire Discipline" is a very remarkable paper. Mr. Forbes speaks with authority, for he has seen a great deal of many kinds of war. He quite believes in the German "swarm attack" in opposition to the "cover-dodging" which is too much the fashion with us, and which (he thinks) lost us Isandlwana and Majuba Hill. The "dodger" loses nerve when he suddenly "sees the colour of the enemy's moustaches." Even at Tel-el-Kebir there was an unpleasant recoil which, had not General Hamley held back a reserve, might have been disastrous. It was at St. Privat that the Germans first went in for the "fire discipline," acting on what an old general said of some young soldiers, "Dey want to be a little shoted."—The Rev. D. P. Faure, Free Church minister at Capetown, and interpreter to the Transvaal Deputation, deprecates in "Pro-Patria" any wish on the part of the Cape Colony to separate from England; for one thing, it knows it could not stand alone. He approves of "apprenticeship"; it saves life. Once Mr. Krieger declined to buy a lot of captive children from some Swazies; next day the children were all murdered to save the trouble of taking them about. In Africa Mr. Faure has suffered as a Negrophile, and he admits there has been ill-treatment, but it is rare; and he recommends our

"telescopic philanthropy" to look at Ireland.—But the most important paper is Mr. Chamberlain's "On Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings," in reply to that article of Lord Salisbury which the *Standard* declared was worth a hundred party speeches. Mr. Chamberlain shows very clearly why legislation has failed, because of the excessive prices at which condemned property has been purchased. Even in Birmingham the difference between price and real value is over half a million, which has to be provided for by a 4d. rate, bringing the rating up to 6s. 9d. in the pound, and reducing small shopkeepers to the verge of pauperism. If what some tell us of the shortcomings of Corporation Street is correct, this is a heavy price to pay for improving the town at the expense of the working man. Mr. Chamberlain is very severe on Lord Salisbury's remedies, "which lay on the public the burden that ought to be borne by the owner." He is quite right in saying that to own a house unfit for human habitation ought to be as easily punishable as to expose for sale diseased meat.

Social questions being in the air, the *National Review* opens with Lord Cranbrook's "Hereditary Pauperism and Boarding Out," the latter being (as Miss Octavia Hill and others showed long ago) the true remedy for the former.—Mr. Alfred Austin follows with "Rich Men's Dwellings," an eloquent plea for retrenchment. A "Wise and Reasonable Men's Company" would soon save enough to abolish rookeries and build decent dwellings. Sanguine Mr. Austin would fain be a Tyrtæus to inspire the Conservatives with self-denying patriotism.—In "Army Reform" the Marquis of Hertford pleads for long service, and would have recruits better fed and not put under stoppages when they first get into barracks, and he would send round recruiting officers instead of sergeants. He points out the mischief of frequent changes; Lord Palmerston was nineteen years War Secretary; since 1863 we have had no less than nine Secretaries of State for War.—Colonel L'Estrange shows how dependent we should be in war on our Volunteers, and gives a plan for mobilising them to protect the weak points of our coast.

The *North American Review* has an article by Professor Waldo on "Railroad and Public Time," and one by Mr. H. George on "Over-Production," which he thinks, cannot exist when the land is free to the labourer. Mr. George would do away with Protection, but he would heavily tax the excessive land values, which (especially those due to speculation on the unearned increment) are a bar to production. It is startling to find that, "to say nothing of Brooklyn, half the land within the corporate limits of New York is unbuilt on" because the owners ask such monstrous ground-rents.—Dr. B. W. Richardson is weak in "The Causes of Felicity." Everybody knows that it is not an intellectual faculty, but depends mainly on health.—"Given Theism, Christianity follows," is the summing-up of Professor Hodge's paper on "Morality and Religion;" on the contrary, Mr. Kidder says that "the Church is losing its hold on men's convictions and on the public conscience."

Macmillan, with "Genius and Versatility," "Prose Poems, by Ivan Turgénief," "Exmoor Memories," sweet, but too short, &c., is above the average. The *pièce de résistance* is Mr. W. Cunningham's "statement," or rather re-statement, "of the Malthusian principle." The truth is that population is always capable of increasing faster than the means of production, but the cases in which it has done so are exceedingly rare. Degradation sometimes arises from redundant population, but it is sometimes (as in Ireland) due to external conditions.

In the *Cornhill*, "My Poor Wife" ends even more sadly than might have been augured from its beginning. There is power and originality in the way an old theme is handled.—Of "The Giant's Robe" we will only say we hope men like Caffyn, who persuades poor little Dolly to burn his rival's letter to Mabel, are seldom to be met with.—Pleasant padding are "Myths of the Precious Stones" and "Some Literary Recollections," mostly of Miss Mitford.

If the *Cornhill* for sixpence cannot afford to be what it was for a shilling, what shall we say when the larger price is asked for the *May Fair Magazine*? Of course it is the last article, "Echoes of May Fair," which sells it. There are hundreds who will be glad to add to their Society weeklies a monthly record of what the great world is doing; though, by the time *May Fair* No. 2 appears, some of the news will be stale. A pungent satire on College dons in "A University Career" is truer, we hope, of the Oxford of a generation ago than of that of to-day.

Longman's this month has a delightful paper on "The Mole at Home," by the author of our old favourite, "Homes without Hands."—We don't care for Mr. Gurney's lines, in which every word begins with a consecutive letter of the alphabet. The best is on the Shakers, who "unhallow'd vie with Xavier's yearning zealots."—"The Modern Nebuchadnezzar" is like "The Transmigrations of Indur," with a moral.—"At the Docks," on the last page, shows that "the Donna Fund" is progressing.



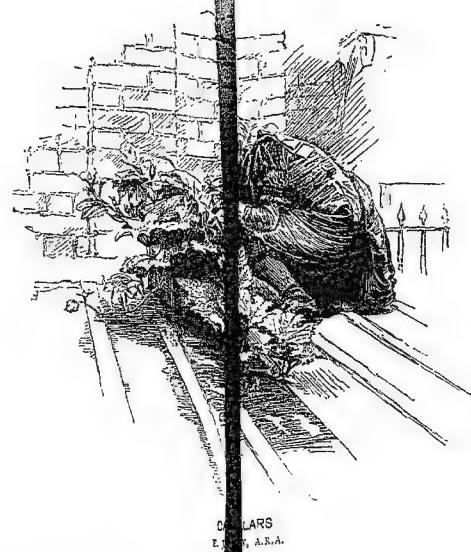
NONE who read "Mehalah" are likely to forget that strangely powerful tragedy, resembling a transfer of the scene of "Wuthering Heights" from the Yorkshire Moors to the Essex Salt Marshes. "John Herring" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), by the same author, is at least equally fascinating, equally powerful, and far more agreeable to read. Since the author chooses to conceal his name, it is not for us to attempt openly to speculate upon the identity of one who, by these two singular works, has established a claim to be regarded as among the strongest and most original of living writers of fiction. At the same time, it is not particularly difficult, even from internal evidence, to form an opinion based on striking peculiarities of style and thought, minute local knowledge, a tendency to the illustration of the wilder kinds of folk-lore, and an intimate acquaintance with the darker and more grotesque phenomena of human nature. The scene of "John Herring" is laid in the still uniquely fascinating region of Devon and Cornwall lying between Dartmoor and Boscastle; and those who know the district as it is to-day, will find little difficulty in realising "John Herring's" period, though apparently some seventy years ago. Any attempt to select the most striking characters from the *dramatis personae* would result in an exhaustive catalogue. Those, however, which are most likely to impress the reader by their absolute novelty are old "Grizzly," and his daughter Joyce, two members of a clan of degraded savages such as Devonshire has known even in our own day, but distinguished from other accounts of such startling survivals by the minute detail of their individual portraiture. How far fact is answerable for the barbarous manners, customs, and superstitions of old Grizzly is not pleasant to consider. He is the savage who is yet more hopelessly degraded by his first contact with civilisation; his daughter Joyce, the savage taught by instinct that life is not mere existence, so that she evolves for herself a pathetically grotesque system of faith and duty. The scenes in which this amazing creation appears almost demand quotation, for the sake both of her ideas and her phraseology; but then the same demand is made by many of the author's own passages of description and reflection, and this to such an extent that, though without free quotation to give an idea of the book is impossible, the temptation, for space's sake, must be resisted firmly. The story is sombre in its general tone, though very far from approaching the unbroken gloom of "Mehalah." Indeed, it is amply relieved by passages of comedy which is not always acid or



A YORKSHIRE FISHER GIRL
W. SMALL



READY FOR DINNER
C. T. GARLAND



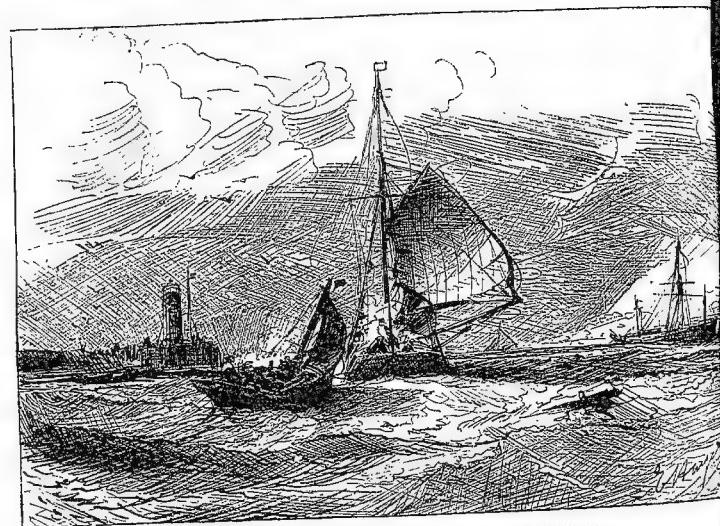
DOLLARS
E. G. HUNT, A.R.A.



THE BLUE GIRL
PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A.



DEPARTING DAY
ALFRED PARSONS



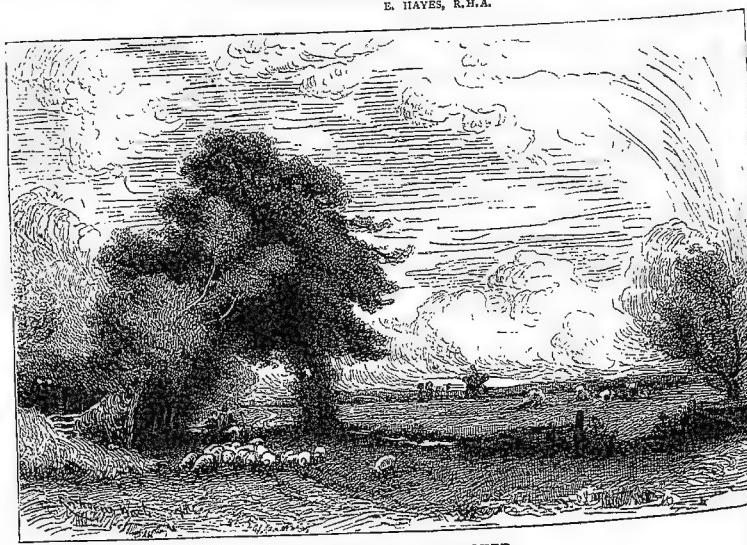
STORM CLEARING - PICKING UP A LAME DUCK
E. HAYES, R.H.A.



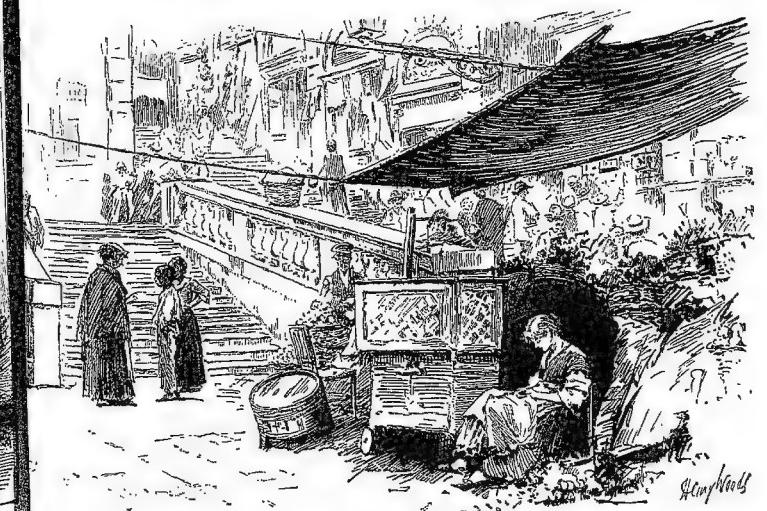
DOG DAYS
R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.



COAXING IS BETTER THAN SCRATCHING
C. BURTON BARBER



THE ROAD TO CHICHESTER
R. THORNE-WAITE



THE RIALTO MARKET
H. WOODS, A.R.A.



KLEA
E. LONG, R.A.

bitter, and by the strength of its leading motive—a noble view of life rendered the more impressive by its thin disguise of cynicism. It would be interesting to examine at length the character of the heroine (if such she may be called), Mirelle, who, seemingly as colourless and passionless as a snowflake, and refined to the last extreme of delicacy, is really as much a savage in her own aristocratic fashion either as Joyce, or as Orange Trampleasure—a vulgar and passionate *bourgeoise* beauty—in hers. Except that of Joyce, every life associated with the story of "John Herring" becomes more or less a failure; but we are shown strongly enough that failure to achieve happiness is by no means the greatest of misfortunes. The subordinate characters are also excellent, not forgetting Genefer Benoke, the fanatical but nevertheless great-minded devotee of the half religious, half witch-like function known in Cornwall as "devil hunting," and the minister who, in all honest simplicity, distorted the Scriptures with a monstrous puff of a bogus gold mine. The story itself is romantic and interesting to the highest degree, apart from its purpose and its extraordinary wealth in novel and original portraiture. From all the ordinary fiction of the day it stands out with absolute grandeur; and no sort of justice can be done to it in a short review.

"A Woman's Reason," by William D. Howells (2 vols.: Edinburgh: D. Douglas) contains somewhat more story than is quite consistent with the artistic theories of the American school of fiction to which its author belongs. The life of a shipwrecked hero on a desert reef is an incident which can easily be made sufficiently effective with an ordinary amount of skill, and, though Mr. Howells is the last person we should have expected to condescend to such a definite situation, he has succeeded in making it quite as effective as usual. This is indeed the best portion of his novel, though it is a mere episode, introduced by way of accounting for the absence of the hero at a critical period of the life of the heroine. The meaning of the title is difficult to discover, even if it be discoverable. Helen Harkness refuses to marry a peer and a money-lender because she does not love either, and reviews novels and makes bonnets because she requires to earn her own living—excellent reasons for her conduct, no doubt, but not specially feminine. There is not much to be said in praise or dispraise of a story which certainly has no elements of distinction. It is much easier to read than to remember, and depends for its main interest upon the portraiture of a girl who is not in the least more interesting than nine heroines out of ten. The author's name will no doubt prove some attraction, and in this case, at least, the attraction is needful.

"A March Violet," by the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is also well written, and therefore pleasant to read—at least, it will be found so by those on whom the ordinary plots of fiction are still novelties, or else never pall. A love story is disturbed in the smoothness of its course by a misunderstanding of the usual needless kind, complicated a little by the machinations of a girl who, we hope at least, is not drawn from observation; and finally the lovers come happily together, and leave the reader to wonder why in the world they did not come together at least a volume and a-half sooner. In short, "A March Violet" is written according to a common form that has no doubt been found by experience capable of contraction or expansion at will.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

SETTING aside the most inept of the things that struggle out about the beginning of December and call themselves "Christmas Numbers," it will be found that there are some eighteen or twenty separate publications, written by fairly well-known people and published by good firms, competing for public pence as the genuine article. Plodding honestly through the contents of this miscellaneous mass, certain classifications suggest themselves. First it will be observed that the genuine Christmas story has altogether disappeared. Dickens has no rivals to-day in the domain he made peculiarly his own. Not only have the Christmas surroundings disappeared from the Christmas Numbers, but the Christmas sentiments have disappeared also. With the holly and the smoking pudding have gone the goodwill towards men and the universal jollity. Christmas, in short, seems so much of a bore to the writers of these Numbers that they ignore it altogether. To emphasise this fact, and to show clearly of what stuff the Christmas Numbers are really composed, the following tabular statement has been drawn up, after a careful examination of seventeen of the chief Christmas publications:—

STORIES :

Supernatural Explained	3
Supernatural Unexplained	3
Adventure	8
Love	17
Eccentric	6
Humorous	2
Pathetic	7
Romantic	1
Christmas	0
POEMS	17
ESSAYS	2
ANECDOTES, SKETCHES, AND GOSSIP	2
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SKITS.	2
COMPLETE	1

It is evident, therefore, that the so-called Christmas Numbers have nothing "Christmassy" about them save their names. They are written mostly in mid-August, and they are composed of just such tales and stories as fill magazines at any other time of year. But they are thicker, and more pretentious as to the covers, which blaze with glowing colours and suggestions of the exciting feast within; and as the publishers usually charge double prices for these publications it is evident that they reckon on a reckless taste prevailing at Christmas time which will lead the public to swallow without discrimination twice as much mediocrity as would satisfy them in their milder summer moments.

Most popular among Christmas Numbers are the complete stories by well-known writers to which some periodicals dedicate themselves. Of this class *All the Year Round*, with a story by Mr. Walter Besant, and *Grant's Christmas Number* for 1883, with one by Mr. R. E. Francillon, are the best. Mr. Francillon, in his tale, "A Great Heiress: A Fortune in Seven Checks," gives us plenty of incident, some firm characterisation, a little piquant moralising, and a good love story. There is serious interest in the unfolding of a fine girl's character, and plenty of vigour in the handling of a mob; for the story is laid in the time "when our grandfathers were young," and starving bands of workmen were marching about the Midlands, masked, at night, and burning the new looms. Mr. Besant, in "A Glorious Fortune," is not quite at his best. The Discoverer—reminding one sometimes of Mr. Dick, and sometimes of Mr. John Hampden—is amusing, the Colonel is a well-drawn scoundrel, and the love interest is well maintained; yet the story fails to satisfy as many of Mr. Besant's stories have satisfied. Is Mr. Besant writing too much?—*Household Words*, with thirteen items in its programme, is an attractive number for genuine fiction-lovers. "Rita's" tale and that by Mrs. E. Renton Esler are the best, and "The Ghost on the Canvas" is one of the supernatural tales in which the effect is not spoiled by an explanation at the end.—Mr. B. L. Farjeon, in "Little Make Believe," the Christmas Number of *Tinsley's Magazine*, gives us another study of low life in London. Clare Market is the scene of his story, little Make-Believe and Saranne, two gutter-waifs, are its heroines. Converted curiosity-dealers, benevolent strangers, and hardened criminals work out their salvation together, and the tale closes

on Christmas Day with self-sacrifice and tears of repentance, Mr. Farjeon being almost the only writer who puts himself so much into harmony with the season as to connect some event of his story with the 25th of December. Mr. Farjeon's characters have but little resemblance to the real inhabitants of Clare Market, and his style is a curious travesty of some of the worst mannerisms of Dickens.—“Under the Red Flag” is the name of Miss Braddon’s story in *The Mistletoe Bough*. It is a story of the Commune, breathless and lurid throughout. There is, of course, a love-tale also; a parting between husband and wife during the worst days of the street-fighting, agonies of apprehension by the wife, imminent death from a broken heart and hope deferred, and then at the last moment a converted *pétroleuse* reveals the husband’s whereabouts, and all comes right.—From these horrors it is a pleasure to turn to the *Theatre Annual*, with its pleasant gossip and reminiscences. Mr. Charles Reade writes about practical joking (re-telling, by the way, some very ancient anecdotes), and Mr. Wilson Barrett contributes a pathetic story of the dog “Lion,” which appeared with Miss Eastlake in *The Romany Rye*.—It is difficult to say which is duller, the Christmas Number of *The World* or that of *Truth*. The prose of *The World* is as pointless as the rhymes of *Truth* are commonplace. Both numbers are full of drawings of persons more or less known in London society.—*Vanity Fair* gives a summary of the events of the year in politics, society, literature, art, &c. While unpretentious, this sort of Christmas Number is at least useful.—For *Father Christmas* Mr. Horace Lennard writes “The Man in the Moon,” a story for children, full of invention, and beautifully illustrated.—Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald write between them the *Gentleman’s Annual*. Their stories are thoroughly conventional, as are those in the Christmas Number of *London Society*. If a selection must be made where all are so mediocre, we might name “A Boneless Burglar” and “A French Diamond Robbery” as among the best.—“A Transferred Identity” and “Mr. Bird’s Best Umbrella” are two whimsical stories in the *Belgravia Annual*, but Mr. Payn’s tale, “Why He Married Her,” and the late Mr. Dutton Cook’s “Miss Caramel’s Peril” may also be glanced at.—*Good Cheer, Round the Ingle*, and the extra number of the *Sunday Magazine* are all fairly good; and a word of praise may be reserved for an exciting tale, “Called Back,” in *Arrowsmith’s Christmas Number*. This is by Hugh Conway. This word about the Christmas Numbers may be fitly closed with one of practical advice. Before you begin any Christmas Annual, carefully turn the leaves and pluck out all the interleaved advertisements.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

"THE LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL," by Archdeacon Farrar (London : Cassell and Co., Limited), is an illustrated edition of one of the trilogy of popular treatises which have made the name and reputation of Dr. Farrar known throughout the length and breadth of the land. The "Life of Christ," the first of the three, has had a large circulation in many forms, and was last Christmas issued with illustrations, and the present volume is a companion to this work. The engravings are from original sketches specially made for this edition. The majority are by G. L. Seymour, and are some of the best examples of this artist's work. They are much above the average of ordinary book illustrations.

"Over the Holy Land," by Dr. Wylie (London : James Nisbet and Co.), is a handy volume from one who has read well all that has been written on the subject, and who had the advantage also of personal experience of the localities he describes.—"The Coloured Bible for the Young" (London : Routledge) is a curious experiment, which has resulted in a by no means unattractive-looking book. The illustrations are printed in flat tints, and though the general effect is not unpleasing, in particular instances it is peculiar, if not grotesque. Thus, Balaam in a black robe and a yellow hat, with a white ass, and a white angel appearing against a blood-red sky, would be likely to commend itself more to the disciples of Mr. Oscar Wilde than to those of Mr. William Morris.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. contribute a couple of capital volumes to the Christmas store ; one, "True Tales for My Grandsons," by Sir Samuel Baker, with striking illustrations by W. J. Hennessy, and the other, "Hannah Tarne," a story by the author of "Mr. Grey-smith," with drawings by the same artist.—"Evelyn Mainwaring," by Greville J. Chester (London : Marcus Ward and Co.), is a tale of Hampton Court Palace, but it is in no way connected with the history of that Royal residence, being very much a story of to-day.—"Chaucer's Stories Simply Told," by Mary Seymour (London : Nelson and Son) is cleverly done, and fairly illustrated by E. M. Scannell.

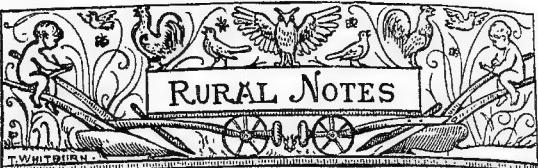
Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Co. send us "Winning an Empire," by Grace Stebbing, which is a story of the life of Clive, founded on Mill, Malcolm, and Macaulay. The narrative is spiritedly told, and the letters quoted are vouched for as real ones, and are taken from Sir John Malcolm's Biography.—"The Robber Chief," by Edward Burton, a Scotch story for boys; "Alick's Hero," by Catherine Shaw, a brightly-written but indifferently-illustrated volume for the same class of readers; and "Walter Alison: His Friends and Foes," by L. M. Ridley. All four are exactly suited for prize books.

Messrs. Routledge and Son, always well to the fore at Christmas, have this year a particularly attractive collection. Of these, "Every Boy's Book," edited by Edmund Routledge, fitly heads the list, having reached its fifteenth edition. It is a complete encyclopaedia of sports and amusements, with upwards of six hundred illustrations, including coloured ones.—Grimm's "Household Stories" is a new edition of an old favourite, with two hundred drawings, by E. H. Wehnert, and thirty-two coloured plates, specially prepared for this issue.—For boys and girls of ten to fifteen years of age there is ample choice in "School Girls, All the World Over"; "The Old House in the Square," by Alice Weber, illustrated by M. E. Edwards; "The Asheldon Schoolroom," by Frances M. Pearn; "Marvels of the Polar World," by Robert Routledge; and "Adventures in India," by the ever-popular W. H. G. Kingston.

"Adventures in India," by the ever-popular W. H. G. Kingston.
Dr. Gordon Stables has produced a practical handbook on "Our Friend, the Dog," in which he describes the points and properties of all known breeds, with hints as to their successful management in health and sickness. The volume is freely illustrated with portraits of well-known winners, and is published by Dean and Son.
"Familiar Garden Flowers," figured by F. E. Hulme, and described by Shirley Hibberd, is the third of a series of volumes in course of issue by Cassell and Co. (Limited), in which, despite Mr. Hibberd's practical comments, the chief charm must in fairness be conceded to lie in the exquisite illustrations, of which the *Clowenia* may be mentioned as one of the most perfect specimens.
Dr. Barnardo's annual volume of "Our Darlings" (London : J. F. Shaw and Co.) is an attractive collection of pictures and short stories, interspersed with coloured plates. "Lazenilla, and Other Drawing-room Plays" (London : Routledge), gives six short, bright, actable pieces, by E. L. Blanchard, Mrs. Mackarness, and

bright, actable pieces, by E. L. Blanchard, Mrs. Macarthur, and other authors.

Readers who were interested in those very original books, "Culmshire Folk" and "John Orlebar," will doubtless be glad to hear that the author of these works has given another to the public, "The Young Idea: a Sketch for Old Boys," by "One of Them" (London: Remington and Co.). It must be confessed, however, that this story is a little disappointing. It is striking, bright, clever, and "redolent of the soil;" but a strain of vulgarity runs through it which is rather annoying.



RURAL NOTES

LORD SALISBURY ON AGRICULTURE.—Addressing a political meeting recently, Lord Salisbury said, "There is one question, I will undertake to say, that in the minds of all persons connected with agriculture transcends in importance every other, and that is the mode in which disease can be prevented from reaching the herds and flocks upon which our prosperity depends. Falling prices and variable weather have caused pastoral industry more and more to take the place of the industry of the plough, but both of them are absolutely dependent upon some kind of security against the epidemics by which the capital of the agriculturist is at present menaced. We hear a great deal of the importance of small holdings. We hear a great deal of the hardships which the dwellers in towns undergo. But how are you to expect that beef or milk will become cheap if small capitalists are entirely, or almost entirely, prevented from joining in the task of furnishing sustenance to the inhabitants of the great towns? A poor man knows that if he sinks his little capital in cattle, it may all be swept away in a moment, and that he may be absolutely denuded of his property in consequence of the diseases which hitherto our legislation has failed to stop." Lord Salisbury here hits upon a very serious consideration, too commonly overlooked in the political economy of the present day. The fact is, that the losses occasioned by epidemics, by bad seasons, and by violent falls in price, come most heavily on those least able to bear them. The large capitalist alone can afford to stand on the average of a number of years, and, having held on through times when his business was a losing one, reap the full advantages of good prices and good demand for what remains. It is the increased risk of agriculture more than anything else that has all but exterminated the peasant proprietors, and more than decimated the small yeomen of England. Security means prosperity to the greater number, though reduced profits to the wealthy few.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS, of which a *résumé* was given several weeks ago, are now issued in detail. They show that the cultivated area of Great Britain is now 32,385,000 acres, some 2,000 acres of new land having been brought under culture during the year. These "new" acres are nearly all permanent pasture, the arable area still tending to decline. In Ireland 15,151,000 acres are under cultivation, some 610,000 acres having gone altogether out of cultivation within a twelvemonth. The recent legislation, therefore, does not appear to be showing any good fruit, or encouraging agriculture—at all events for the present. In the United Kingdom there are now 10,326,000 acres of corn land, 4,708,000 acres under green crops, 6,371,000 acres under changeable, and 25,288,000 acres under permanent pasture, besides the mountains, which may also be regarded as permanent pastures.

STOCK.—Corrected returns show the number of horses in Great Britain to be 1,410,000, of cattle 5,692,000, of sheep 25,068,000, and of pigs 2,617,000. In Ireland are 478,000 horses, 4,096,000 cattle, 3,219,000 sheep, and 1,351,000 pigs. There were imported into the United Kingdom in the year 843,699 live cattle, 1,124,397 sheep, and 15,670 pigs, of the total supposed value of 9,271,956*l*. The imports of fresh and salted beef and pork were 4,649,270 cwt.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—After getting rid of foot-and-mouth disease for a week Scotland is naturally exasperated to have the plague reintroduced from Ireland. It is a curious but significant fact that none of the outbreaks which have recently occurred in Scotland were attributable to English or indeed to any other stock except Irish. The lesson to be read from recent experiences is quite in accordance with former observations, and appears very clearly to be that when disease is raging in Ireland wise farmers in Great Britain should not trade in or trust to Irish stock. A few Scottish counties north of the Grampians would not receive Irish stock on any terms. They are now free from disease. The southern counties learn wisdom too late. Ireland depends so seriously upon the cattle trade for profit to its pastoral agriculture that the bad reputation for spreading disease recently acquired by the country is a very grave matter. The Irish Executive will be consulting Ireland's best interests in taking the most stringent precautions, even though such precautions should cause a good deal of temporary and local inconvenience.

ENSILAGE has been warmly discussed for more than a twelvemonth, and now the close of 1883 brings into prominence a new ensilage machine. M. Albaret, of Ratigny, in France, is the inventor. The machine is an ensilage or litter cutter, in which centrifugal force and inspiration carry up an ascending spout the chaffed substances. The force given to them is such that they are projected as we should say, broadcast, and fall in a shower where they may be directed. This steam "chaff-cutter" can cut and raise ten tons of forage in an hour and is a much-needed implement.

EDENBRIDGE FAT STOCK SHOW has just been held, and the number of animals exhibited has exceeded that of any previous year. There was a good show of corn and roots. For the best Shorthorn steer the first prize fell to Mr. W. Kirby, of Reigate, who also gained the extra prize for the best beast in the first two classes. The principal prize taker with Sussex beasts was Mr. W. B. Waterlow, of Red Hill, who took four first prizes in different classes. For the best ox or steer of any age Mr. J. Stanford gained the prize. We are glad to note that the tenant farmers' classes were especially well contested.

THE SHORTHORN HERD BOOK.—The Twenty-Ninth Volume, New Series, has just been published, and shows great care in compilation. It contains the pedigree of bulls from 47,311 to 48,978, but the larger half of the book is devoted to the entry of cows with their produce. Each breeder's entries of females are recorded together under his own name, and consequently are not numbered like the bulls, a detail of arrangement which appears defective. The entries for the next volume close on Friday, 1st of February, 1884.

MISCELLANEOUS.—November was marked by an exceptional rainfall at Greenock and Glasgow, namely, 10⁷³ inches. London observations were as follows:—Barometer, highest 30⁴⁰ on 29th, lowest 29⁰⁰ on 6th, gradient 1⁴⁰. Thermometer, highest 58 deg. 28th, 28 deg. on 15th, gradient 30 deg. Rainfall for the month, 2⁵⁰ inches.—The Duke of Portland has just been entertained at a dinner by his Ayrshire tenantry, mostly farmers. This mark of good feeling among agriculturists is welcome in the present period, when "rights" and "grievances" are heard of a good deal, but "duties" and "content" very little.—Sir Alexander Gordon, addressing his constituents at Ellon, said he was averse to the importation of cattle from countries where disease in any form existed.—The Crofters of Glendale still refuse to pay their rents. The owner of the estate, a young clergyman, shows much reluctance in proceeding to his full legal remedies, but it may be questioned whether it be right or good to encourage breach of contract.

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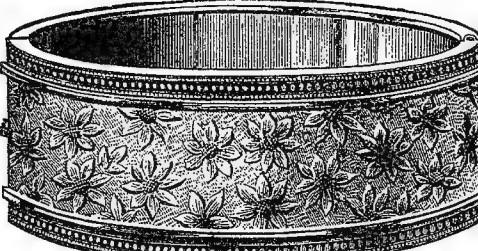
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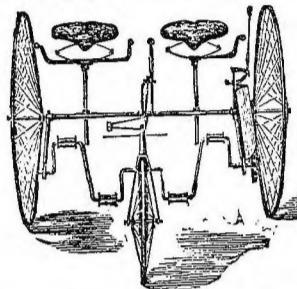
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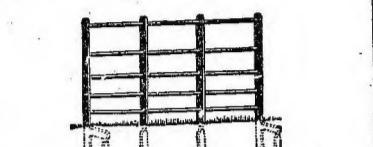
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Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 1d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., Woven and Embroidered. Samples post free.

IRISH LINEN
Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached

2 yards wide, 1s. 1d. per yard; 2½
yards, 2s. 4d. per yard (the most durable article made, and far superior to any foreign manufactured goods).

Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 2½ d. per yard.

Surplice Linen, 3s. 3d.; Glass Cloths, 8½ d. per yard.

LINENS
Linen and Linen Dusters, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Dusters, 1d. per yard.

Fish Napkins, 2s. 1d. per dozen.

Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per dozen.

Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2s. 1d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 1d. per dozen.

Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 1d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., Woven and Embroidered. Samples post free.

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yards, 2s. 4d. per yard (the most durable article made, and far superior to any foreign manufactured goods).

Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 2½ d. per yard.

Surplice Linen, 3s. 3d.; Glass Cloths, 8½ d. per yard.

LINENS
Linen and Linen Dusters, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Dusters, 1d. per yard.

Fish Napkins, 2s. 1d. per dozen.

Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per dozen.

Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2s. 1d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 1d. per dozen.

Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 1d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., Woven and Embroidered. Samples post free.

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